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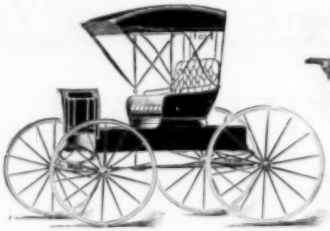

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THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE, AT 26 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Edited by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, with the co-operation of Oswald Garrison Villard, W. S. Braithwaite, M. W. Ovington, Charles Edward Russell and others.

Contents for April, 1913

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CENTER PAGE DECORATION. Drawn by Louise R. Latimer.

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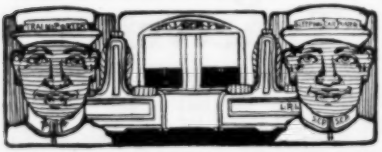

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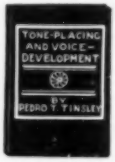

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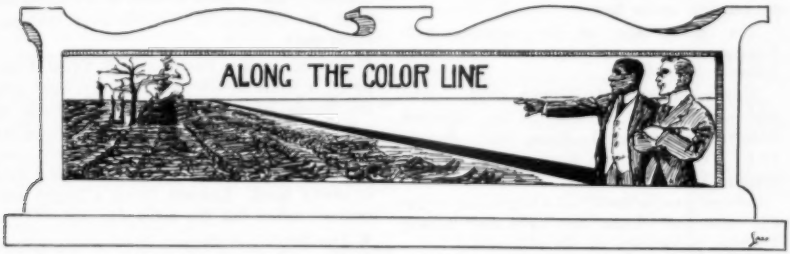


POLITICS.

THE woman's suffrage party had a hard time settling the status of Negroes in the Washington parade. At first Negro callers were received coolly at headquarters. Then they were told to register, but found that the registry clerks were usually out. Finally an order went out to segregate them in the parade, but telegrams and protests poured in and eventually the colored women marched according to their State and occupation without let or hindrance.

¶ No direct reference to the Negro was made in President Wilson's inaugural address, but Negroes will read the following passages with interest:

"This is the high enterprise of the new day: To lift everything that concerns our life as a nation to the light that shines from the hearth fire of every man's conscience and vision of the right. It is inconceivable we should do this as partisans; it is inconceivable we should do it in ignorance of the facts as they are or in blind haste. We shall restore, not destroy. We shall deal with our economic system as it is and as it may be modified, not as it might be if we had a clean sheet of paper to write upon, and step by step we shall make it what it should be in the spirit of those who question their own wisdom and seek counsel and knowledge, not shallow self-satisfaction or the excitement of excursions whither they cannot tell. Justice, and only justice, shall always be our motto.

"This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men, to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them if they will but counsel and sustain me."

¶ At the recent Democratic primary in Moberly, Ala., the Southern system was partially put into use. All white men, whether Republicans or Democrats, were allowed to vote, but Negroes were barred unless they were vouched for as regular Democrats.

¶ The effort within the Republican party to eliminate the Southern representation in party conventions is still being discussed. Southern Democratic Congressmen are very enthusiastic for it.

¶ Plans for the complete organization of Negro Progressives were discussed recently in Washington and Philadelphia.

SOCIAL UPLIFT.

THE Frederick Douglass Memorial Hospital of Philadelphia is raising $8,000 for a nurses' home.

¶ A bulletin on age and marriage conditions has been issued by the United States census. The age statistics of the colored population are as follows:

	1910
All ages	9,827,763
Under 5 years	1,263,288
5 to 14 years	2,401,819
15 to 24 years	2,091,211
25 to 44 years	2,638,178
45 to 64 years	1,108,103
65 years and over	294,124

The percentage of Negroes in the older age groups is smaller than among the whites, due partly to a higher death rate, but also probably to a higher birth rate among the colored people. The high infant mortality among colored people is shown by a smaller proportion under five.

The percentage as to marriage for Negroes 15 years of age and over is as follows:

Single—Male, 35.4; female, 26.6. Married—Male, 57.2; female, 57.2. Married, widowed or divorced—Male, 64.0; female, 73.1. Widowed or divorced—Male, 6.9; female, 15.9.

Colored people marry at a somewhat earlier age than the whites, but have also usually a larger percentage of the widowed.

¶ The 12,000 colored Masons in Georgia have been licensed by the State to do a fraternal insurance business. They support the orphan home and industrial school and have in their insurance fund $68,346.

¶ Houston, Tex., has a $15,000 colored library nearly ready for tenancy. There are rooms for children, reference, lectures and trustee meetings. The architect was W. S. Pittman, of Washington, D. C. It has 20,000 volumes.

¶ The second colored branch library of Louisville, Ky., will have a building to cost $17,000, a gift of Mr. Carnegie. The $5,000 already raised is for the site.

¶ The National League on Urban Conditions has undertaken to handle "the big-brother movement" in the case of colored boys in New York City. It has already had fifty-one cases.

¶ The baseball team of Wilberforce University will make a Southern trip this spring, playing white colleges in Ohio and colored schools in Kentucky, Alabama and Georgia.

¶ An athletic carnival was held among the colored students of Washington at Convention Hall. Among the schools represented were Howard, Lincoln and Hampton, besides many Northern high schools.

ECONOMICS.

THE Mutual Housing Company, of Springfield, Mass., has been organized to supply good tenements for colored people and to encourage investments in real estate. They own property to the value of $12,200, and have recently declared a dividend of 5 per cent.

¶ The Colored Stenographers' Association has been organized in New York City for securing employment and mutual benefit.

¶ The North Carolina Mutual and Provident Association, a colored industrial insurance company, had a gross income of $313,576 for 1912, an increase of $50,000 over the previous year.

¶ The Knoxville Banking and Trust Company, a white institution, recently went into the hands of a receiver and hundreds of colored people lost their money. Negroes are thinking of opening a bank of their own. All the officials have been arrested and held in heavy bond. Lawson Irvin, a Negro contractor, swore out the main warrant.

¶ The Scullin-Gallagher Steel Foundry, of St. Louis, Mo., one of the largest steel plants in the world, employs several thousand colored men in its shops. Negroes are to be found working in all but three of its departments. The wages paid Negroes run from $1.75 to $6 per day. Not a few Negroes have learned the trade in this foundry and are now foremen of their departments.

¶ The method of land tenancy in South Carolina is thus described by the Columbia *State:*

"A lawyer in Greenville or Columbia buys 150 acres twenty miles from his office at $6 an acre, or $900. He leases it to a Negro for 1,500 pounds of lint cotton a year, worth, at 10 cents a pound, $150. The Negro buys a mule, mortgaging it to the seller, and mortgages his crop to a merchant. The merchant takes long chances and demands big profits for advances. Sometimes both land owner and merchant lose everything, but in 'good years' their returns are excellent. The land owner has a fine investment if he collects his rent once in two years. $63, after the payment of taxes, being 7 per cent. on his investment."

¶ In Toronto, Canada, G. W. Carter, a colored man has had the shoe-shining concession in the Union Depot for seventeen years, and manufactures shoe blacking which is widely sold. J. F. Gregory has a store and imports and sells ladies' and children's hats and dresses. Mrs. Decoursey, a colored woman, has been employed in the Woolworth store for four years as timekeeper.

¶ Balaytown, Ark., is settled by Negroes. It has three stores, a canning factory and a saw-

mill, and expects a brickyard soon. Good farming land around about can be bought for $15 an acre. The Union Industrial School is to be located there.

¶ The Frederick Douglass Center, of Chicago, has been trying to widen industrial opportunity for colored people by appealing to business men. Many business men have responded.

Julius Rosenwald, who led the movement for the establishment of colored Y. M. C. A. organizations, wrote:

"I keenly feel the injustice against the colored man, and have for some time past been making efforts to convince some of the head men of Sears, Roebuck & Co. of our duty in that direction."

Irwin S. Rosenfels, advertising manager for Sears, Roebuck & Co., wrote:

"It will interest you to know that I recently have secured a favorable expression regarding the admission of colored apprentices from shop chairmen of three different labor unions employed in our printing plant."

¶ Farmers' Bulletin No. 516 of the United States Department of Agriculture tells of the remarkable intensive farming of Samuel McCall, a colored man of Alabama:

"Determining upon concentrating his efforts upon a small area of land, he selected two acres near his cabin and has been devoting time and energy to that small tract for the past twenty-one years. His first effort was to improve the organic content of the soil. Practically everything produced by the soil, except the lint cotton and a portion of the seed, was returned to it. All the manure produced by his horse and two cows was used, but no commercial fertilizer except a little cottonseed meal under oats. Gradually the soil was made deeper by plowing until in a few years it was open and porous to a depth of ten or twelve inches.

"By 1898 the land was producing seven bales of cotton to the two acres which had first made about two-thirds of a bale each. This ex-slave took up seed selection early and produced a high yielding strain, known locally by his name, as Sam McCall cotton. He has practised crop rotation during the past few years to advantage. He plants one crop while another is maturing, thus keeping the land always occupied, getting a crop each of oats, corn and cotton from the same ground in one year. The goal of his ambition is to raise nine 500-pound bales of cotton on one acre; he has already succeeded in raising a 506-pound bale on a measured eighth of an acre. In one year he has produced, from one acre, three bales of cotton, fifty bushels of oats and fifty bushels of corn, according to this account."

¶ In Empire, Wyo., there are eight colored families. They have a public school and a Presbyterian Church. Four of these families have deeds to near 900 acres of land; all families, save one, have homesteads of 320 acres each.

¶ In the town of Gering, Western Nebraska, a prospective white juror, hailing from Southern Texas, was objected to because he acknowledged that in a case of colored men against white men he could not give an unbiased judgment. The case was that of Speese Brothers (colored) versus Nicholls (white), claiming $6,000 damages for cattle alleged to have been unlawfully taken by Nicholls. Judgment was rendered for the plaintiff.

¶ In St. Louis, Mo., white stablemen have struck because of colored competitors, and in Dallas, Tex., white chauffeurs tried to drive out the colored men until the owners armed their employees.

EDUCATION.

GOVERNOR BLEASE, of South Carolina, has vetoed a compulsory school-attendance bill.

¶ The Phelps-Stokes trustees have appropriated $10,000 for an endowment of a visitation fund at the white Peabody School in Tennessee. The purpose of the fund is to keep the officers, teachers and students of the school in close touch with the actual work of Negro educational institutions.

¶ The New Orleans courts have decided that the bill to remove the Southern University, a colored institution, from the city is unconstitutional.

¶ The Virginia Negro State Teachers' Association has been meeting in Norfolk. There were 400 delegates in attendance.

¶ The General Educational Board is offering to provide a salary of $3,000 a year for a State supervisor of Negro rural schools in certain Southern States. There have been several Negro applicants, but white men have been appointed in Florida and in Arkansas.

¶ Another colored Greek-letter school fraternity, known as the Kappa Alpha Nu, has been organized at the Universities of Indiana and Illinois.

¶ The Florida Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Tallahassee, has opened a new hospital and nurses' training school.

¶ Robert Biggs, an uninfluential school commissioner in Baltimore, has made an abortive attempt to reduce the curriculum of the colored high school. Another demagogue is proposing "Jim Crow" street cars.

MEETINGS.

THE new Andrew Memorial Hospital has been dedicated at Tuskegee Institute. The hospital cost $50,000 and on the occasion of its dedication visitors from the North and East were present. From Chicago Julius Rosenwald took a number of distinguished persons. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of the Chicago public schools, said while in Tuskegee that she was interested in men and not in separate races.

Dr. Aaron Aaronson, director of the Jewish Agricultural Experiment Station in Palestine, said:

"What is the use of the intensification of race differences and race qualities? I do not believe there are superior or inferior races, but different races. There are superior or inferior individuals, but the claim of inherent race superiority is a conceit. I feel sure that the world is the richer and the man is the better when we try to bring out in every race and every individual the qualities and the energies they are best fitted to develop."

¶ A State commission is investigating the affairs of the Negro Exposition Company in Philadelphia. It is said that the New Jersey people have decided to hold their celebration within the State.

¶ A mass meeting of 2,000 persons in the Metropolitan Church, Washington, D. C., passed resolutions opposing "Jim Crow" legislation. They pointed to the fact that they paid taxes on $40,000,000 of real estate and that the proposed legislation was designed to degrade, in the eyes of the civilized world, one-fourth of the inhabitants of the national capital. They said, among other things:

"Whereas, We colored people of the District of Columbia in mass meeting assembled, believe that after two and a half centuries of slavery and a half century of mob violence and insult that we have suffered enough.

"1. Resolved, That we protest most emphatically against the attempt to promote the growth of a local sentiment for the segregation of the races in the street cars of the national capital. 'Jim Crow' cars are a cheat. They do not afford equal accommodation. In all cases wherever local circumstances force a readjustment of the space prescribed for the races the colored people suffer. 'Jim Crow' cars are plainly in violation of the fundamental principles of the law of the common carrier, a principle which even the Supreme Court cannot square with the leading cases of the common law of England and of this country.

"We further protest against the enactment of a 'Jim Crow' car law because only a reactionary group seeks to introduce here customs of commonwealths in which the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments are a dead letter, and where the spirit of liberty is suppressed.

"2. Resolved, That we protest against the railroading through the House of Representatives of a miscegenation law as an invasion of the most sacred of individual rights. Besides drawing a color line based on racial prejudice, it is clearly unconstitutional in that it prohibits people of sound mind, proper age and good moral character from exercising their common-law rights to enter into the marriage status.

"While the avowed purpose of the bill is to preserve the purity of the white race, it ignores indiscriminate sexual relations between the races, leaves woman unprotected against the brutal advances of vicious men and promotes domestic tragedies that are a blight upon our so-called Christian civilization.

"3. Resolved, That we beg leave to call the attention of those who are advocating this proposed discriminatory legislation to the fact that the colored people were induced in large measure to drop party lines in the recent presidential canvass and give their support to the first candidate since the Civil War from the South, whose triumph seemed a concrete illustration of the fact that sectional lines were obliterated; a candidate who himself expressed surprise that there could be the slightest distrust on the part of any citizen as to his security in the exercise

of political rights so far as he himself was concerned. His incoming ought not to be embarrassed by reactionary measures and their advocates, especially at the seat of the national government."

¶ Farmers' conferences of colored people have been held at Lane College, Jackson, Tenn., and at Demopolis, Ala.

¶ At the National Federation of Religious Liberals recently held at Rochester, N. Y., the cause of the Negro was discussed by the Hon. John E. Milholland and Mrs. A. W. Hunton.

PERSONAL

THE centenary of the birth of David Livingstone was celebrated by Lincoln University on March 7. The address for the occasion was delivered by Mrs. Paul Laurence Dunbar.

¶ Grace Morris Hutten, of Omaha, Neb., has completed the three-year advanced teacher's course in Bellevue College in one year and a half, and has received a State life certificate. She is the only colored woman who ever attended this college.

¶ Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, of Washington, D. C., has delivered a second course of lectures on the Negro race in the United States at the Brooklyn Institute.

¶ A memorial trophy committee, of which Dr. Louis E. Baxter is secretary, is collecting money for a trophy in honor of the late John B. Taylor, Jr. The prize will be competed for each year until won three times by one club or college.

¶ Dr. J. W. Hawkins, a colored physician of Dawson, Ga., was the first to report meningitis in that city. The white city physician and a colleague declared that the cases were not meningitis and finally sent to Atlanta for experts who confirmed Dr. Hawkins' diagnosis. Dr. Hawkins owns a drug store, an automobile and considerable real estate.

¶ David J. Gilmere, a colored captain in the Spanish-American War, returned to his home in Greensboro, N. C., and went into business. First he started a grocery store, then a drug store, barber shop and a restaurant. He also owns a 100-acre farm.

¶ Fred R. Moore, publisher of the New York *Age*, has been confirmed by the United States Senate as minister to Liberia. He was nominated by ex-President Taft and will hold office until his successor is appointed by President Wilson. Moore was formerly messenger for a downtown bank.

¶ James Hammond, an Oyster Bay (N. Y.) Negro, has died leaving an estate worth $30,000. He was 70 years old and could not read or write.

¶ Dr. S. S. H. Washington, a practising physician of Montgomery, Ala., well known throughout the State, died recently.

¶ Dr. C. H. Turner, the colored biologist of the Sumner High School of St. Louis, Mo., recently delivered three lectures before the Academy of Science in that city on bees, ants and wasps.

¶ The Right Reverend Henry M. Turner, senior bishop of the African Methodist Church, has retired from active church work at the age of 80.

¶ A modern Catholic church and school for colored people has been erected at Atlanta, Ga.; it is a three-story building of brick and stone, valued at $16,000.

¶ In Richmond, Va., a Catholic college for the higher education of Negroes has been established. It has industrial departments.

¶ The new Bethel Methodist Episcopal Church in West 132d Street, New York City, has been begun. It will cost $75,000.

MUSIC AND ART.

THE sum of $2,250 is needed by July 1 to keep the residence of the late Samuel Coleridge-Taylor from being sold. It is proposed that the colored American admirers of Mr. Taylor and his work should raise this money. THE CRISIS would be very glad to give further details to persons interested in this project.

¶ Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare and Mr. William H. Richardson, of Boston, Mass., are giving concerts in Texas.

¶ The choral society of the Washington Conservatory of Music (Harry A. Williams, director) gave a choral concert, assisted by Felix Weir, violinist, on February 2, at the Howard Theatre, Washington, D. C. The soloists were Misses Jeanne Kelly, Alta B. Scott and A. Lillian Evans, soprani; Miss Enola McDaniels, alto; Mr. Adolph Hodge, bass.

In keeping with the Sunday concerts of serious purpose inaugurated this winter in New York and Boston, the Washington Con-

servatory of Music is making the Sunday-evening concerts a new feature of this season's work.

The second public concert was given on March 1. The choral society presented Miss Daisy Tapley, of New York, in the comic opera "Mikado." The dances were under the direction of Miss Theresa Lee.

¶ A Victrola has been purchased by the Teachers' Choral Society of Louisville, Ky. The instrument will be used in all of the schools of the city as a medium of acquainting the pupils with the best music.

¶ Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois gave a lecture on American Negro folk songs, assisted by Mr. Harry T. Burleigh, baritone, on Sunday afternoon, February 23, at the Ethical Culture meeting house. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Music School Settlement for Colored People.

¶ Miss Clarice Jones, pianist, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. Roland W. Hayes, tenor, of Boston, Mass., presented a program at Andrew Rankin Memorial Chapel, of Howard University, Washington, D. C., which is deserving of mention. Mr. R. Wilfred Tibbs, the excellent pianist, was the accompanist. Miss Jones is a graduate of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, of New York.

¶ Since there are no library facilities for the colored people at Paris, Tex., the Gibbons colored high school of that city, through concerts and lectures, has provided for the school a well-chosen library of 1,400 volumes, a piano and eighteen instruments for the use of the boys' brass band.

¶ "Majors and Minors," one of the earliest of Paul Laurence Dunbar's books, is quite rare and is being quoted by dealers at $7.50.

¶ The musical and historical pageant, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of emancipation, was given at Carnegie Hall, New York. It was entitled "Historic Scenes at Hampton."

FOREIGN.

DR. LEO. FROBENIUS, of the German Central African exploration expedition, has obtained some remarkable terracotta work from West Africa and has found some unknown ruined cities.

¶ Prof. Carl Pearson, lecturing in London, declares that all white races are evolved from colored races.

¶ The financial report of the island of St. Lucia, B. W. I., shows a prosperous condition. The revenue amounts to $360,000, which was $15,000 more than the expenditure.

THE GHETTO.

CLEVELAND G. ALLEN has been unearthing discrimination in the navy against colored sailors. He reports that colored men who enlist in the navy are barred from all social life aboard the ships; as, for instance, smokers, entertainments and the privilege of the libraries and reading rooms. Colored men are only received for enlistment in the messmen branch and get no chance for promotion except to stewardship—and the steward does not rank as a petty officer. The Negro is deprived of the regular system of shore leave and in other ways so treated that the few that enlist desert whenever opportunity offers. There are a very few colored petty officers and seamen who enlisted during the time of the Spanish-American War. They are for the most part isolated in out-of-the-way places.

¶ None of the new set of intermarriage bills have yet been passed in the North, but all sorts of desperate expedients are being used. Forged petitions from alleged colored organizations have been distributed in Ohio; defeated measures have been reintroduced in Kansas and Iowa, and a bill was sneaked through the national House of Representatives during the absence of two-thirds of the members. In the State of Washington a bill prohibiting intermarriage between white and colored races, except where both are citizens of the United States, has been passed. It is aimed at Asiatics.

¶ The colored fire company of Durham, N. C., was disbanded as soon as the new fire-engine house was finished.

¶ "Jim Crow" street cars have been proposed in Illinois and Delaware.

¶ A segregation ordinance is proposed in Atlanta, Ga.

COURTS.

THE case of Dr. W. J. Thompkins, of Kansas City, Mo., against the railroad company for ejection from a Pullman car is to be carried to the United States Circuit Court.

¶ In Atlanta, when six Negroes were called to trial, it was found that the warrants upon which they were arrested were forged. They

had all paid bogus bonds. Ten men have been arrested in connection with the scandal.

¶ The public service commission of Maryland has ordered that the B., C. and A. Company provide, on its trains operated from Claiborne to Ocean City and on its trains operated elsewhere in the State, accommodations for colored passengers which shall make no difference or discrimination in quality or convenience of accommodations in the cars or compartments set aside for white and colored passengers.

That whenever a car is set aside for colored passengers the same may be divided by a substantial partition so as to furnish a smoking compartment for colored men, provided that the number of colored passengers is not sufficiently large to give them a just claim to an entire smoking car instead of such a smoking compartment.

¶ In Alabama it is solemnly declared that a white officer with a Negro prisoner can ride either in the white car or the colored car.

¶ In Massachusetts it has been decided that an owner has a right to advertise his property as for sale to colored people.

CRIME.

THE following lynchings have taken place since our last record:

At Elysian Fields, Tex., two colored men, for horse stealing.

At Andalusia, Ala. (where several Negroes have been lynched in the past and postcards with the scenes published), a colored man was lynched for shooting a white woman.

At Cornelia, Ga., two colored men were lynched for killing a policeman.

At Manning, S. C., a Negro boy was shot to death for assault and battery on a white man.

At Drew, Miss., a Negro was lynched (by a mob said to be colored people) for murder.

At Lyrtis, La., a colored preacher was lynched. He owed a white merchant $10. The merchant demanded his pay, but the colored man did not have it. The merchant's friends attempted to whip him. The man resisted and was killed.

¶ At Clay City, Ky., one of four Negroes charged with murder is believed to have been lynched.

¶ One of the lynchers of the mob that lynched the wrong man at Houston, Miss., has committed suicide.

¶ A bill to legalize lynching has been introduced into the South Carolina legislature.

¶ On account of the race riots at Collierville, Tenn., one white man and two colored men are dead.

¶ A white man in Memphis, Tenn., has been found guilty of wantonly murdering a Negro. He was sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary.

¶ In Augusta, Ga., a prominent white man remonstrated with another white man who was whipping a Negro. The prominent white man was killed.

¶ The reign of terror in North Georgia continues. The homes of three Negroes were recently dynamited.

¶ Frederick L. Hoffman, who distinguished himself some years ago by predicting dire calamities to the colored race, has declared in a letter to the New York *Times* that lynching is decreasing. He bases his conclusions upon these figures:

	Number of Lynchings	Lynchings per 1,000,000 Population
1885-1889	762	2.58
1890-1894	944	2.88
1895-1899	702	1.95
1900-1904	537	1.36
1905-1909	385	0.88
1910	74	0.80
1911	71	0.76
1912	64	0.67
1885-1912	3,539	1.69

He adds the following table:

LYNCHINGS BY STATES.

1908-1912

States	Number of Lynchings	Rate per 1,000,000 Population
Florida	40	10.63
Georgia	74	5.67
Mississippi	46	5.12
Louisiana	33	3.98
Alabama	30	2.81
Arkansas	22	2.81
Texas	45	2.31
Tennessee	23	2.11
South Carolina	15	1.98
Kentucky	22	1.92
Oklahoma	14	1.69
West Virginia	3	0.49
Virginia	4	0.39
Missouri	6	0.36
North Carolina	3	0.27
Illinois	4	0.14
Ohio	2	0.08

Ten other States have each had a single lynching in this period.

A JUROR.

BEATRICE REAMS BALL, of Seattle, Wash., is the second colored woman to serve as a juror in the State of Washington. Mrs. Ball was educated in the public schools of Denver, Col., and at the Elms, Springfield, Mass. She returned to Denver and was there appointed to a clerkship in the

MRS. B. R. BALL.

recorder's office, a position which she held for three years with credit. She moved to Seattle, Wash., in 1904.

In 1910 the constitution of the State of Washington was amended so as to give women the right of suffrage, and since that time women have been serving on juries in all the courts of the State. Not until this month did the most populous county, King, select for jury service a colored woman, and that woman is Mrs. Ball. She is now sitting as juror in the court of Seattle.

THE PASSING OF JAMES EDGAR FRENCH.

JAMES EDGAR FRENCH did not distinguish himself to any great degree as a man of letters. Death claimed him just as he was about to enter upon his life work as poet and writer. But manuscripts and writings which he left show that he possessed talent.

Mr. French was born at Paris, Ky., in 1876, and died at Chicago, Ill., July 31, 1912. After finishing high school at Paris, he taught school in the rural districts of Kentucky, and in 1901 was a member of the faculty of the State normal school at Frankfort. At his death he was in the government service in Chicago.

From his youth he was a close and devoted student of the best literature, particularly poetry. Among his unpublished manuscripts there are essays, poems and a novel upon which he spent several years, and which he was rewriting at the time of his death.

An article of some length on the fourth annual meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, setting forth "what it is, what it aims to do, its method, with a few of the things it has accomplished in the three years of its existence," was probably his last single literary effort; for he died just three months after that meeting was held in Chicago last April.

We close with a line from "The Winged Ideal":

"I would have you observe also that a man's success in life may be measured not

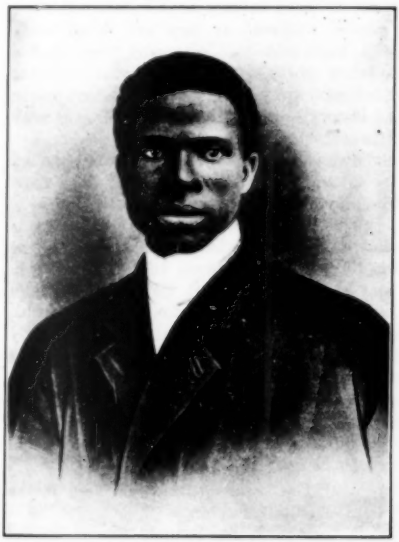
THE LATE J. E. FRENCH.

by the place he holds in the eyes of men, but by the approval he wins from his own conscience. And this approval will be in proportion to the honor and reverence which a man is able to pay to his life's ideal."

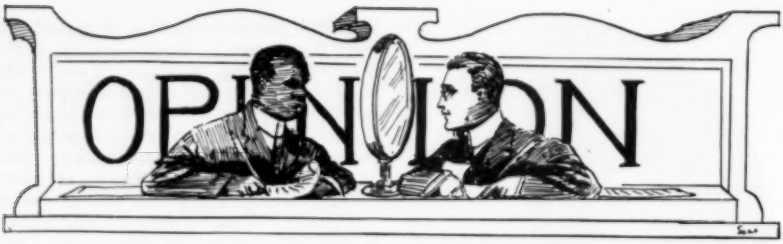
A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

I WAS born October 5, 1880, in a one-room cabin floored by the bare ground. I lived the first twelve years of my life in a narrow valley at the foot of a big hill which guards the waters of the Coosa. I was licensed to preach at the age of 12 and soon became known as a "boy preacher." I rhymed, whined or "whanged" to such an extent that the good old folks soon thought that I was a fit subject for ordination. Wherefore at the age of 16 I began the pastorate of two big country churches, each having more than 300 members.

During these four years of pastoral work I recited and wrote many crude things (I don't know where nor how I learned anything—I was never taught). At the age of 20 I went to a Methodist theological seminary and remained there for nearly three years. I was not graduated because the Baptist pastors persuaded me to "leave the Methodist school without a diploma." I spent three years in Chicago and St. Louis preaching, writing, working. When I left the West I went to a colored university in the South, where I spent seven years in academic theological and college departments. During all these years I accumulated bales of manuscripts, from which trash I expect to untangle some time a worthy book of stories and poems. While in college I was editor-in-chief of a paper for three years. My poems and stories appeared in its columns each week. The paper had a large circulation in the city, hence it was not long before I was called "Dunbar the Second." Many papers have published some of my writings. My success in the pastorate here has been good. The opinion of the best people added to what I have previously achieved has made me believe that I could stand wider public notice. So you see that I resist the temptation no longer when I send you my "cut" and some selections from my "rhymes," expecting them to appear in THE CRISIS. I hope that you will find space for a few lines of commendation. It will prove stimulating and encouraging to me and will probably help me to become what I never could become without your help.



"A HUMAN DOCUMENT."



THE ARMY. The *Army and Navy Journal* publishes a translation of an article in the French *Revue Militaire Generale,* which says, among other things:

"Taking everything into consideration, we cannot place the number of privates of the line, worthy of that name, above ten or twelve per company, according to the testimony of the experts. We must, however, make an exception in the case of the Negro regiments, which number in the ranks many re-enlisted men, and therefore have a large proportion of well-disciplined and well-trained soldiers. They have indeed given proof of this, and particularly in the Spanish-American War. More than once in Cuba the honor of the day has, in justice, been due to them. I have personally seen the Negro infantry in Colorado and a regiment of black cavalry in Vermont; all these 'colored soldiers,' as they are called, were well built and well set up. They had a military bearing very unusual in the American army, and they would have taken an honorable place in the ranks of European troops."

This testimony is further strengthened by a letter from the Secretary of War from the mayor of an Arizona town, who says:

"I wish to give honor to whom honor is due; therefore I wish to state officially, as the mayor of this town, that Troops I, K and L, of the 9th U. S. Cavalry, have been stationed at this place for several months, and their actions have been perfectly exemplary in this town, and there has never been the slightest cause for any trouble for our peace officers."

Small wonder that the United States is not anxious to get rid of its black troops.

NEGRO MUSIC. The Los Angeles *Times* says in the editorial columns:

"It may be news to some, but the wave of ragtime at present sweeping America (also, by the way, washing out considerable starch from the British composition) is really a triumph for the colored race. Eighteen years ago ragtime was started in America and for good or ill it has now become an institution. It was really introduced by a Negro named Will Cook, a splendid musician, as so many Negroes are. Cook started it with a libretto by Paul Dunbar, whose face was as black as his lines were brilliant. The piece was played under the direction of Edward E. Rice on the roof of the New York Casino. Only eighteen years ago; and this African renaissance has captured the human race!

"The prevalence of the minor key is another sign of its primitive origin; all untutored races naturally express themselves in minors. The rollicking exuberance of the rhythm is the American note dominating the original stock. Presently some expert will take the commonness out of ragtime and it will take its place among legitimate musical compositions.

"Already it is influencing classical music. Dvorak's symphonies and humoresques are only sublimated ragtime. Yet they could be played not inappropriately on a church organ. The extollers of Wagner are in reality praising ragtime raised to a dramatic height. In fact people generally are beginning to think and talk and act in ragtime. Everything is being syncopated, even conversation and political speeches. We talk either in shorthand or ragtime. It is a sign of the lyric age brought about by American bustle and American optimism. It fits in naturally with the motor car, the wireless and the æroplane.

"Old-fashioned conservatives naturally fight this innovation, but the younger generation is sweeping all before it. In exclusive restaurants ragtime has been discarded as an aid to digestion—the process of mastication at least needs slowing down, not speed-

ing up. But it is crowding out the graceful waltz and the gliding two-step from the dance floor; it is monopolizing light opera and pushing its way into the realms of the classical. The Salvation Army has long employed it to start religious revivals among the uncultured. An excellent work. Probably the name of Will Cook will be known to posterity. Ragtime has come to stay."

The Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, commenting on an article in the New York *Age*, says:

"This is as encouraging as is the statement that the Negroes still reverence the old folk songs and that a society called 'The Frogs' is industriously at work collecting them. We add to these hopeful signs the fact that John Powell, of Richmond, pianist and composer of note, has used Negro themes in one movement of his violin concerto, played recently in New York for the first time by Efrem Zimbalist. The South is keenly aware of the musical value of such original motifs. It seems not unlikely that the native genius of the Negro for melody will be reflected by composers of both races in their endeavors to reflect the manifold spirit of America. Negro and Indian survivals are all we have of what may be called original music. The *Times-Dispatch* does love the old songs, but it also believes they may be molded into richer and more striking esthetic forms that will answer to the hopes expressed by the *Age* in this paragraph.

"Negro music is not dead—far from it—and it is yet to enjoy the patronage of the public. The intentions of the *Times-Dispatch* are of the best, but it, with other Southern papers, has the fault of idealizing the Negro of slavery days, as well as all things relative thereto. We who believe in race progress, while thinking kindly, and some of us affectionately, of what has been, find greater inspiration, interest and hope in the things of to-day and to-morrow—things more material and which have a more conspicuous bearing."

MURDER. It is not often that a Negro paper in the South speaks out plainly, and particularly the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, which is apt to be overconservative in its comments; but lynchings in these last days have aroused the editor:

"As a matter of fact, every Negro walks upon 'sinking sand' and can scarcely count a day his own. Even the most conservative and peaceable and the most humble, if they were to recognize insults and infractions, would be the chief cause for headlines in the daily press. It is against this stifling, threatening atmosphere which we breathe, that we utter a protest. We impart a secret of the Negro's heart life when we say that, in spite of the Negro's accumulation of property, which aggregates now more than seven hundred million of dollars, no little of this has been accumulated with misgivings. Often in family council the debate is whether it is worth while or not to purchase property, and if property is purchased may it not have to be sold at a sacrifice on an order to move out, and under the most distressing circumstances. *It is the atmosphere of lynching* and the absolutely reckless disregard of the Negro's life and the powerlessness of the government to protect the Negro that concern us.

"Let our readers listen while we make good our contention:

"We know of a Methodist preacher who desired a change of appointment because he preached against illicit relations between white men and colored women. A daredevil of a white man placed his hand upon the shoulder of this man of God and threatened him with death if he dared open his mouth on that subject again. And this was not the first Negro to be intimidated at this particular place.

"A good friend of ours was bullied and his life threatened the other day by an underling in a ticket office, simply because this friend of ours, when questioned concerning a mileage book, answered 'yes,' instead of 'yes, sir.' This friend was not at all impolite or ill-mannered in his speech, for he is a polished, Christian gentleman. But the underling wanted it understood that a 'Nigger' must say 'yes, sir,' or pay the cost. And this is not an isolated instance of the kind.

"We have, on our desk, a note signed by one of our ministers, which tells of the shooting of two Negroes; one was seriously wounded and the other killed outright because, it was claimed by a young white man, the Negroes had driven a buggy wheel over the foot of his dog. They plead 'not guilty,' but that was of no avail. They saw trouble coming and fled and both were shot in the back. We reserve the name of the pastor and the place, for the protection of the pastor. (Think of it! We dare not let it

be known that he reported the case. He might not be secure.)"

Even white papers like the Arkansas *Gazette* sometimes tell the truth:

"The Fort Smith *Times-Record* points to the lesson in the death of a promising son of a prominent Fort Smith family at the hands of a fear-crazed Negro in Fort Smith a few days ago. The lesson as outlined by the *Times-Record* teaches again the dangers of allowing irresponsible fellows to go armed and to make arrests, and incidentally teaches that murder and violent deaths will continue to be common in Arkansas until the courts and the peace officers abolish the pistol-carrying habit.

"The young man who was killed in Fort Smith, hearing shots, ran to the scene to do his duty as a citizen and was killed by a Negro who had been beaten by the two men sent to arrest him. The general opinion is that the Negro, who has a good reputation for industry and peacefulness, did not intend to kill the young man, but thought he was shooting at the other officer who had assisted in beating him.

"If the statements concerning this affair are true the men who arrested the Negro are largely responsible for the terrible tragedy. It is said that they came to where the Negro was working to arrest him for some minor offense. They beat him until the blood ran from his head and face and he begged them not to strike him again, saying he was going with them as fast as he could. It is said further they continued to beat him and after they got him out of the building where he was employed they repeatedly jabbed a pistol into his stomach. The Negro, crazed with fright and with his hands over his head, begged them to desist, and then, thinking he was going to be murdered, wrenched the pistol from the hands of one of the men and shot him. The other officer gallantly dived to safety. It was at this juncture that the young citizen, hearing the shots and rushing to the scene to do his duty as a good citizen, came before the blood-smeared eyes of the Negro and the Negro killed him.

"It requires more than a commission and a pistol to make a good officer. It requires bravery, honesty and judgment. We hope the authorities of Fort Smith and Sebastian County and of every city, town and county in Arkansas, will benefit by the terrible lesson now before them."

INTERMARRIAGE. A professor at the University of Virginia has decided that the mulatto is not necessarily a degenerate, which leads the St. Luke's *Herald* (colored) to remark sarcastically:

"This pronouncement coming from Charlottesville is of peculiar significance. Charlottesville is what the University of Virginia has made it, especially along the lines of her mulatto population, made so by the very best of the South's distinguished scions."

The *Crown*, that excellent church paper of Newark, N. J., discusses frankly the proposed intermarriage bill and says in part:

"Assembly bill 183, which proposes to make it a misdemeanor to issue licenses for the marriage of a white person to a Negro or mulatto, or for ministers or others to perform such marriages, touches upon such fundamental principles of good morals, as well as of civil and religious rights, that a discussion of the subject should be of much interest and value. It was drafted by State Registrar David S. South and introduced by Mr. Marshall. Bills on somewhat similar lines have recently been introduced in four or five other States and also in Congress for the District of Columbia.

"The bill, if it ever became law, would inevitably create in New Jersey a tendency to the immorality and bastardy that was a curse to blacks and whites in slavery days, and which is so to-day in Southern States where the prohibition of marriage and other relics of the slave-time régime prevail. At the time of the Civil War the extent of the mulatto, quadroon and octoroon class showed how far the evil had gone.

The impossibility of marriage would give greater immunity and security to licentiousness, as it does in the South. It would offer greater temptations and inducements to evil, inasmuch as such illicit relations would be considered safe. It would make colored women a more easy prey and would increase their temptations.

"The prohibition of marriage and the widespread and publicly condoned concubinage of the South makes colored women practically helpless. In Turkey there are once-beautiful girls with ear or nose or face mutilated or disfigured to save them from the lust of Turkish officials. That is under anti-Christian rule. From the professedly Christian South many families with grow-

ing girls come North to find safety. Is New Jersey to help to spread these evil conditions?"

EDUCATION. We cannot too often revert to the fact that the Southern Negro is not receiving a decent chance for education. The *Scroll*, a student paper at Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga., says:

"About four years ago a movement was started in Atlanta to float bonds in order to obtain money, a large part of which was to go for the purpose of improving the schools of Atlanta. All the qualified voters in the city were urged to vote for these bonds. The colored voters were told that if they would co-operate with the white people in this matter they would be assured of ample and improved school facilities. Accordingly when the contest was held at the polls the qualified voters of both races carried the election in favor of bonds.

"Now after a lapse of about four years let us see what conditions we find in our city. Last fall, when the public schools opened, the superintendent decided not to have an eighth grade at the West Mitchell Street school on account of the crowded condition of the schools in this ward. This made it necessary for children who live in the first ward to walk from two to four miles through the downtown district to school. The colored citizens of this ward called a meeting to protest against this arrangement, and in this meeting, which I might say right here was successful in restoring the eighth grade in this ward, much was learned of the conditions of the public schools of Atlanta.

"First, it was found that there is hardly a white residence in the city which is not within six blocks of a public school. With the aid of the bond-issue money, all of the old buildings have been replaced by modern structures which add much to the beauty of our city. We find that the white schools have only one session daily and that there is sufficient room for all white children to attend schools which are very close to their homes. In fact, in one of the schools which is situated near here on Ashby Street, there were enrolled last year ninety-five pupils in a school which would easily accommodate 600 pupils, and I am told that there are only about 125 pupils in the school this year.

"In contrast to the superabundance of white schools we have but very few colored schools. It is often necessary for colored children to walk all the away across town because there is no school near them or because the one which is near them is overcrowded. In addition to this appalling fact, it is necessary for the colored public schools to have double sessions, which is unfair both to the teacher and to the pupils, especially those who come to the teacher after she has had to worry all morning with a class. From the proceeds from the bond issue the colored people have received one school, which is unsatisfactory in many ways. For instance, it is built with only a few entrances and exits and is miserably low on the ground. It was found that the building occupied by the Summer Hill School is in such bad condition that during a rain it is necessary for the teachers to put the children in one corner of the room in order that they may not get wet. In the Roach Street school, whenever it gets cloudy, lamps must be lighted in two of the rooms which are situated in a basement. Only the Gray Street school approaches in any degree the requirements which are necessary for comfort and good work in a school."

The Atlanta *Independent*, a colored paper, goes on to say in reply to the Atlanta *Constitution:*

"The *Constitution* talks about our educational and moral uplift, and always picks up some 'hat-in-hand, yessir, boss,' Negro, whom the race has long ago repudiated and holds him out as a Moses. The Atlanta Normal and Industrial School is held out to us as a panacea for all our moral and educational diseases. Now why is our contemporary so much more interested in this excuse of a school that has its greatest existence on paper than it is in reputable well-established schools like the Atlanta Baptist College, Clark University, Atlanta University, Morris Brown College and Spelman Seminary? The explanation is not far fetched; it is evidently at hand and plain.

"If the *Constitution* wants us educated why does it not throw its great influence behind the real Negro colleges within the shadow of its dome? Why does it not tell the public of the high character and usefulness of Drs. John Hope, W. A. Fountain, E. A. Ware, J. W. E. Bowen and the faculties of these great schools? Why harp and bleat about a little school in the ditch

that the *Constitution* itself does not know whether or not it really exists in fact? If the *Constitution* is our friend, it would co-operate with the agencies struggling for our uplift. Who has heard the *Constitution* speak of the character and usefulness of the teachers of our colleges, or commend their work? If it wants us educated, why not get behind Morris-Brown College, Atlanta Baptist College, Atlanta University, Clark University, and Spelman Seminary? All the Negroes cannot be washerwomen, cooks, butlers, bootblacks and hat-in-hands any more than all white men can be preachers, lawyers and doctors."

The Columbia *State*, a Southern white paper, points out that industrial and agricultural education may be just as "dangerous" to "white supremacy" as compulsory common school training:

"The State submits to the Hon. B. R. Tillman, who was one of the first men of prominence to exploit this reason for opposing compulsory education, that the 'danger' he saw to 'white supremacy' in a compulsory attendance law is far more menacing in this voluntary improved farming. How do he and others of his school of statesmanship propose to meet it? If it be wrong or dangerous to force all whites to learn to read and write because a few Negroes not already attending school may be inadvertently squeezed into Negro schools at the same time, how much worse, how much more dangerous, to encourage the Negro who has already learned to read to learn to grow a bale of cotton on the land that the unlettered white man cannot make produce more than a quarter of a bale? And if the way to help the white boy who does not wish to go to school is to let him stay out along with the Negro who wishes to stay out, the way to help the white farmer who is illiterate and in ignorance of farming must be, according to that logic, to keep the Negro farmer in the same state of ignorance and unprogressiveness!

"There is no escape from the logic of that situation for those unwilling to cut from the neck of our white people the millstone of illiteracy because they might simultaneously free some Negro who does not feel his bondage a tenth as much as the white man.

"Shall we help the white farmer of another generation by furnishing him the foundation for an intelligence with which he can make land produce fifty bushels of corn to the acre; or shall we help him by leaving him in that mental state where he cannot make fifteen bushels and providing that his Negro neighbor shall do no better?

"That is the question."

The white teachers of New Orleans, too, are discovering that Negro education may not be the worst thing in the world. One of them recently read a paper before her fellows in which she said:

"The prejudice of the Southern people against Negro colleges is so universal that it needs no quotation. It is a feeling that has come down to us from reconstruction days, and one which we have generally accepted without question. But the new South is beginning to appreciate the gravity of its race problem and to realize its responsibility for the moral and social development of the race whose services it cannot spare.

"The tremendous importance of education as a factor in improving social conditions is everywhere acknowledged, and hence the first question that the new South, with its quickened social consciousness, is beginning to ask is: 'What are we doing to educate our Negroes?' It was from a desire to satisfy this questioning that the Southern Association of College Women appointed a committee to report on the work of the Negro schools and colleges of New Orleans.

"In spite of the prosperous and encouraging condition of Negro education here we are constantly meeting people who are bitterly opposed to the education of the colored population. Investigation shows that their chief reason for this opposition is the fear that it will lead to race amalgamation when the social condition of the Negro is raised. Surely no blow could be more fatal to the South than race amalgamation, and the fear is one that deserves consideration. I personally do not believe that education will have any such results. I think that as the Negroes are educated they will gain more self-respect and look less enviously upon their white neighbors. They will have leaders and advisers among themselves, and while amalgamation of the insidious character that now exists will no doubt continue to some extent, I believe that education of both the whites and the blacks will be the greatest factor in preventing it.

"It is remarkable how many intelligent Negro men are coming to the front, and how

rapidly the rest of their race are turning to them instead of to white people. New Orleans now has six colored lawyers, twenty-one physicians, seven dentists, six editors, ninety ministers and 150 teachers, all graduates of good schools. The *Southwestern Christian Advocate* is edited and published entirely by Negroes, and it is a rather good paper, too. I have talked to the editor and his wife, and found them both intelligent and well-informed people."

THE LAND.

Mr. Henry W. Wilbur, a Philadelphia Quaker, has made a recent trip to the South and says:

"The causes which lead the Southern Negro to leave the soil, and which must be removed, may be summarized as follows: The exaction of usurious rates of interest on money, whether the money is borrowed to help produce a cotton crop or to buy land. A virulent local prejudice which annoys, threatens and visits brutal treatment upon the Negro, especially the Negro who succeeds. On the affirmative side the improvement of the rural colored public schools is imperative. These are all matters only remotely to be reached by Northern philanthropy. They largely involve lines of conduct which must be applied by the Southern whites.

"The Southern Negro is really indigenous to the soil. That he ought to stay on the soil is nearly an axiomatic statement. His presence in considerable numbers in cities anywhere is bad for both races. An organized effort to secure for him, and to eventually be paid for by him, large blocks of the cheap agricultural lands of the South is a line of effort which may well interest philanthropists and capitalists North and South, who are large enough to see that the best business and the ideal philanthropy must be employed in helping people to help themselves.

"The building up of a feeling of comity between the two races in the South involves such conditions on the soil as will make the Negro economically successful as a farmer and self-respecting as a citizen. This means an increased disposition on the part of Southern white men to treat the Negro as a man, if not as a brother. This problem will not be solved, however, by performing miracles, but by creating an atmosphere of common justice and sympathy in which it can be sanely considered. In any event, the Negro will not remain on the soil in Dixie because white men want him to, but in the last analysis because it is made worth his while."

A BLACK TOWN.

A reporter from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* has been having some interesting adventures in Boley, Okla. He writes:

"Boley is what is known in Oklahoma as a 'Nigger town.' It has not a single white resident in it. It is interesting. When I got off the train I looked around to see if any other white man came to Boley with me. I was alone. Then I looked around me. The platform was crowded with people. There was a white man, and I approached him and timidly asked him if he lived here. He looked pityingly at me and replied in the negative, stating that white people were not permitted here.

"'How about the station agent?' I asked.

"'He's black,' replied the man.

"'And the postmaster?'

"'He's black, too.'

"My bump of curiosity asserted itself and overmastered my loneliness. The more questions I asked the more interested I became. Here at last I was to find the Negro question solved. In a few minutes I found myself engaged in delving into the workings of one of the most important colonization problems ever undertaken in this country, and I am glad to say I was pleased with my investigation.

"Here is a town made up entirely of colored people—and the experiment is a splendid success. These black men and their families are happy, prosperous and contented, and they have a well-ordered and well-governed little city.

"About eight years ago the Fort Smith and Western Railroad was built across the State, passing here. Contractor Boley was a friend of the Negro; he believed he had better impulses in him than the white man brings out; that if put upon his own responsibility he would rise to higher levels and better things. Boley came to the conclusion that if the colored people separated from the whites and had their own towns they would make greater progress and be happier.

"Finally Boley laid the matter before the officials of his road and prevailed upon them to lay out a colored man's town. Then he

elected the co-operation of T. M. Haynes, a bright, intelligent and industrious colored man, in the work of gathering a community of Negroes for the proposed new town.

"It was not difficult to get a company of colored men together to start the enterprise, and in honor of the originator of the idea they named the town Boley. That was a little over seven years ago.

"To-day Boley has a population of 2,000 people; it is thoroughly organized and as well governed as any town of its size in Oklahoma. It has its own municipal water works, fire department, electric-light plant, telephone exchange—in fact, everything that any other town of 2,000 would be expected to have. There are three miles of concrete sidewalks—ten feet wide in the main street, on which there is not a foot of boardwalk. There are five aldermen and they have high ideals of civic righteousness. It is a dry town; it is a model town; it is a clean town.

"To give an idea of the morality of the people, I need but relate an incident of a few days ago. A traveling salesman accosted an attractive young colored woman; she accepted his advances so promptly his suspicions were not aroused until he found she had led him into the police headquarters. That experience cost him $42.

"The people of Boley are high grade, if they are colored. The white man who comes here cannot but be so impressed. Men and women are well dressed and all seem kindly disposed toward each other and exceptionally courteous.

"I went up to the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank. The assistant cashier, a man named Jones, came here from Wheeling, W. Va., where he was a schoolteacher. He is enthusiastic over Boley.

"'You should be here on a Saturday,' he said. 'The town is black; yes,' he laughed, 'literally black with people. They come by hundreds from the farming districts, and a more orderly lot of people you never saw. The streets ring with their laughter and jokes. They are happy. And I tell you it is fortunate the colored people are of this disposition. If they were not they would be most miserable and lost. I have never seen a serious quarrel here, and there has never been a killing in the town. We have a police force, but very little need of one. Just now we are having a little difficulty to keep bootleggers out.'"

THE NEGRO IN NEW YORK AND LONDON.

The New York *World* publishes a page on what it means to be a Negro in New York:

"'The Negro in New York is under a ban. In this great city, where the gates of opportunity stand open wide to all men of all other races, nearly every field of honest employment is closed to any one—man, woman or child—who has Negro blood. Not only that. It is very difficult, if not impossible, for us to get many of the ordinary conveniences—I had almost said necessaries—of life. We are not treated as human. That is the cold, hard fact!'

"The Rev. Charles Martin, a Protestant clergyman of pure African descent, had been telling me how heavily a black skin handicaps a man right here in New York City fifty years after the abolition of slavery in the United States. I had asked him for facts—for specific instances of the disabilities to which he had referred. He said:

"'*Just to take one case. When a Negro is downtown and wants something to eat there is no place he can get food. Very few men realize how unrelenting this rule is enforced.* On one occasion when "Joseph's Brethren" was being played at the New Theatre a Jewish rabbi who was anxious that I should see the play had invited me to go with him. He had had nothing to eat, and so we stopped at a lunchroom in the neighborhood of Columbus Circle. We sat down at a table, but no one came to serve us. No more attention was paid to our presence than if we had suddenly become invisible, and after waiting some time in vain there was nothing left for us to do but to walk out.

"'Outside of domestic employment there is very little opportunity for either the men or women of my race except within the limited circle of their own people. A woman can get employment to do washing and a man can get a job as elevator boy or store porter, but that is about all. Only the other day a large department store which had employed quite a few Negro girls ever since it opened dismissed all of them at once for no other reason than their color. *No fault was found with their work, but they were Negroes, and probably some customers had objected, and so they were thrown out of employment.*

"'The attitude of the community toward the Negro is this: So long as he is down and willing to remain down and does not try to

enter into any of the higher activities he is all right, but the moment he aspires to better himself he is not all right. So long as the Negro is of useful service—useful to the white man—he is tolerated; the moment he seeks to enter the field of lucrative endeavor—lucrative to himself—the whole weight of the community is exerted to keep him down. *It is almost impossible for a Negro to obtain commercial or professional employment in any firm of good standing in New York.* Let me give you a couple of instances:

" 'There was a young fellow who had just been graduated from Cornell. If I am not mistaken, he had won the French medal there. He was an excellent linguist, and some white people who were interested in him recommended him strongly to the Standard Oil people. They wanted a young man to travel for them—some one speaking French and Spanish. This young fellow had all the necessary qualifications and had an interview with the head of the foreign department, but was told plainly that he could not be employed because he had Negro blood in him.

" 'Another case which was even harder—the young fellow knelt down and prayed with me in church over it; he was a graduate pharmacist. He had his London diplomas and had passed the State examination here. I tried to get him employment at a colored institution—that is, an institution for colored patients, but run by white folks—and when he put in an appearance they told him point blank that they could not take him in their prescription department as a druggist, *but they wanted some one to wash the bottles and they would be willing to give him that.*

" 'I could give you countless such cases No matter how good a printer a Negro is, no matter how good a carpenter, or painter, or electrician, he can get no employment in New York in the open market. The great injustice is that *there is nothing against these men except that they are Negroes.* No white firm will give them a place any more than it would think of employing a Negro bookkeeper or Negro shipping clerk. Unless he is willing to give up his trade and become an elevator boy or a store porter, he must confine his activities solely to the restricted area where Negroes live and where the field is so poor that many skilled workmen in it can barely make a living.' "

This revelation causes the Southern papers great satisfaction and glee, while the foolish report of the capture of London by black folk arouses them; but the Louisville *Courier-Journal* says:

"A colonial woman in London is agitating against the admission of 'men of color' to social equality in London.

"The term 'men of color' in London means Mongolians, American and African Negroes. West Indians, Turks, Egyptians, brown-skinned Aryans from India, Berbers from the Atlas Mountains, Arabs from beyond the Red Sea, straight-haired blacks of the South Sea islands, Malays, Australians, New Zealanders, Kanakas, Somalis, Singhalese, Afghans, Abyssinians, Filipinos and men of other divisions of the human race, all of whom are held by the protesting idealist to be brothers under their skin."

The Boston *Transcript* adds:

"The explanation of the alleged invasion is creditable to the British. It is that Negroes are so well treated that Great Britain is a most attractive country to them, and London in particular is the colored man's paradise. Herein we find a little trace of British self-satisfaction, but it is only a trace after all, for unquestionably Negrophobia is compelled to lurk in secret corners in Great Britain and would not dare to manifest itself in lynching. The British have learned tolerance of foreign races by the long experience of their nation as a great colonial power. There are under the British rule millions of Negroes; there are other millions of British subjects who, if not black, are certainly not white. In London every colony, black, brown and white or yellow, is represented. At times and in particular localities the streets seem a moving picture of the ethnology of the empire. The Hindoo, the Negro and Malay and the Hongkong native may be seen passing along the thoroughfares of what is to them the metropolis of a great protecting empire.

"Possibly if the United States were not one of the newest apprentices to the art of ruling alien peoples it might exhibit the same toleration to those whose skins and ways are different from ours. It is not alone this toleration, however, that makes the Negro feel particularly comfortable while under the British flag. A most powerful contribution to his comfort and safety is found in the general determination of the British people

that law shall be enforced, and that constitutional guarantees shall be maintained. Here and there in some extremely out-of-the-way place mob violence directed against Negroes might find a victim, but it is unthinkable that there should be a succession of lynchings in England, Scotland or Ireland."

DINGAAN'S DAY. In South Africa they have been celebrating the victory of the Dutch over the Kaffir, and the *A. P. O.*, a colored paper remarks:

"But a change has come over South Africa. The two white races, so we are told, are one. They now claim equal shares in laying the foundation of a united white people. On Monday the language question, the immigration question, the naval contribution will all be forgotton. There will be perfect harmony. Dutchmen will magnify all the petty deeds of valor of their forefathers, and will generously grant to Englishmen some share of the honor of having defeated Dingaan; and Englishmen will slobber over Dutchmen, and strain their language to belaud their exploits, dishonorable and discreditable though they may have been in Dingaan's country seventy-four years ago. No mention will be made of the hundreds of colored and natives who fought on the side of both English and Dutch, nor of the hundreds who shed their blood in the same cause.

"Now, it is very difficult, if not impossible, from the available historical records, to arrive at any other conclusion but that Dingaan was a monster, and that the Dutch emigrants were heaven-sent saviours, whose every action was prompted by Christian benovolence toward the native. But it must be borne in mind that the history of South Africa is a record written by white persons from information supplied by white persons who had every reason to picture the blacks as a cruel, barbarous, traitorous people, and their own actions as that of tolerant Christians. Nevertheless, by reading between the lines, it is quite clear that the farmers who migrated from the colony into Dingaan's country were as cruel, traitorous, vindictive and revengeful as any set of men that ever came in contact with colored races."

REPUBLICAN REPRESENTATION. As the representation of the South in the Republican convention is being agitated anew we may recall the last words of the lamented Frederick L. McGhee in the St. Paul (Minn.) *Press:*

"The Negro's presence in the national Republican convention used not to be a thing disdained and wanted to be gotten rid of. There was a time when the Republican national convention honored a Negro by making one a temporary chairman of the convention. It was the convention that nominated James G. Blaine, the plumed knight of the Republican party, and it should not be forgotten that the convention that wrote the gold plank in the Republican party platform wrote it only because it had the solid support of the Negro delegates, and that convention witnessed the end of right recognition to Negro delegates. It was in that convention that the late Mark Hanna was presiding over the deliberations concerning the credentials from the State of Texas; the lily whites, who were first springing into existence, contested the delegation headed by Wright Cuney, 'Noblest Roman' of all the Southern host, Negro though he was. Then it was first urged to willing ears that if the Negro was 'cut out,' if white men were put on the national committee in their places, they would organize in the South a white man's party, the solid South would be broken; white men would divide on economic questions and the Republican party would not be compelled to look to the Northern tier of States for its elections. Mr. Hanna listened, was charmed, was fooled, believed the lie, and by reason of his influence the Cuney delegation was seated with a half vote; the lily whites got the other half. Cuney then reminded Mr. Hanna that the Negro in the war had shot a full bullet; that since the war he had voted the full Republican ticket; never scratched it (the shame is that he still does it), and that as for himself and the Negroes from Texas they would refuse a half seat and left the meeting of the committee; refused to participate in the convention; went home; died of a broken heart and thus ended the old order of things and thus began the new, that has been a shame, an injustice and disgrace to both my race and the Republican party."

EASTER-EMANCIPATION

1863-1913

I AM dead;
Yet somehow, somewhere,
In Time's weird contradiction, I
May tell of that dread deed, wherewith
I brought to Children of the Moon
Freedom and vast salvation.

I was a woman born
And trod that streaming street
That ebbs and flows from Harlem's hills
Thro' caves and cañons limned in light
Down to the twisting sea.

That night of nights
I stood alone and at the End
Until the sudden highway to the Moon,
Golden in splendor,
Became too real to doubt.

Dimly I set foot upon the air;
I fled, I flew, thro' thrills of light,
With all about, above, below the whirring
Of almighty wings.

I found a twilight land
Where, hardly hid, the sun
Sent softly saddened rays of
Red and brown to burn the iron earth
And bathe the snow-white peaks
In mighty splendor.

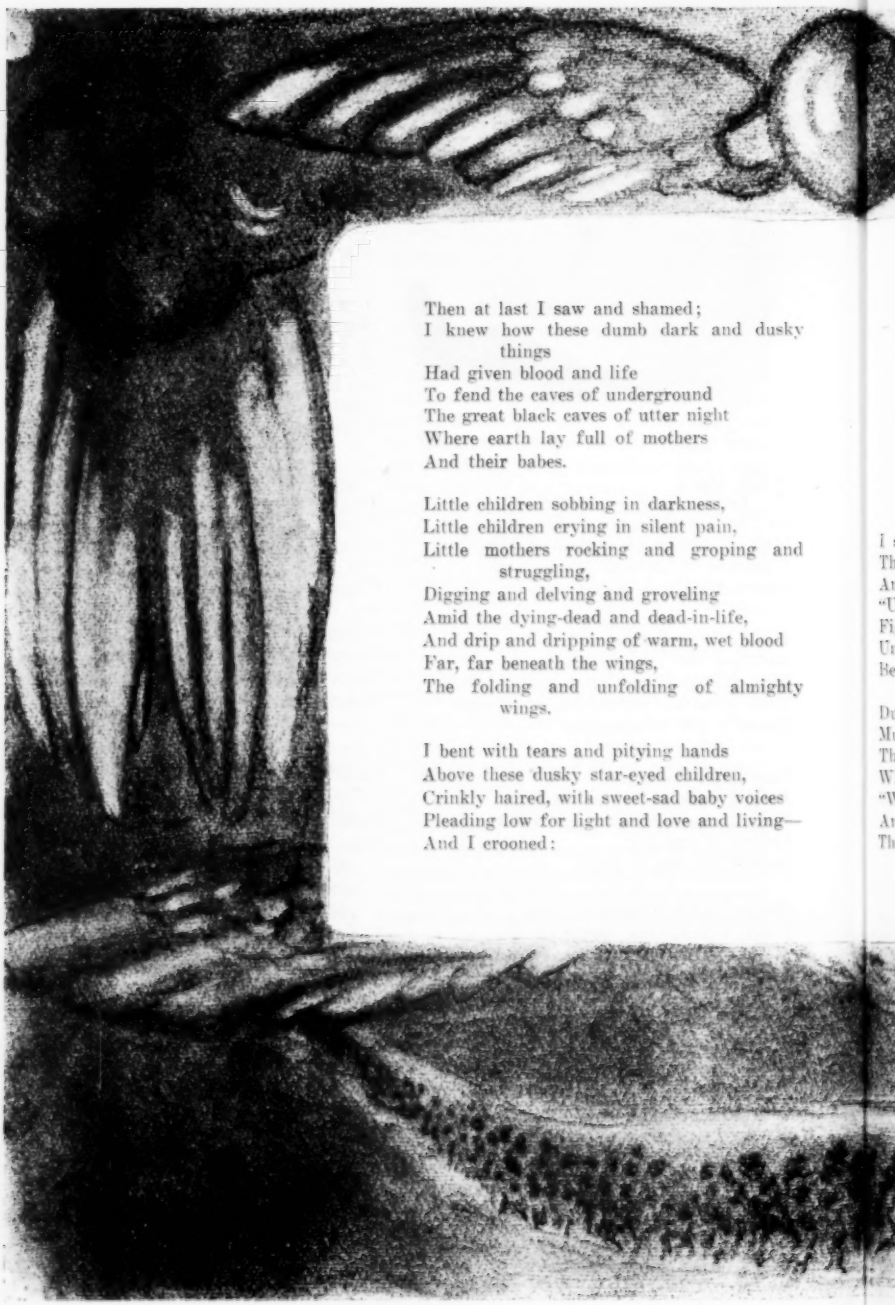
Black were the men,
Hard haired and silent slow,
Moving as shadows
Bending with face of fear to earthward;
And women there were none.

"Woman, woman, woman!"
I cried in mounting terror.
"Woman and Child!"
And the cry sang back
Thro' Heaven with the
Whirring of almighty wings.

Wings, wings, endless wings,
Heaven and earth are wings;
Wings that flutter, furl and fold,
Always folding and unfolding,
Ever folding yet again;
Wings, veiling some vast
And veilèd face,
In blazing blackness,
Behind the folding and unfolding,
The rolling and unrolling of
Almighty wings!

I saw the black men huddle
Fumed in fear, falling face downward;
Vainly I clutched and clawed,
Dumbly they cringed and cowered,
Moaning in mournful monotone:
O Freedom, O Freedom,
O Freedom over me;
Before I'll be a slave
I'll be buried in my grave
And go home to my God
And be free.

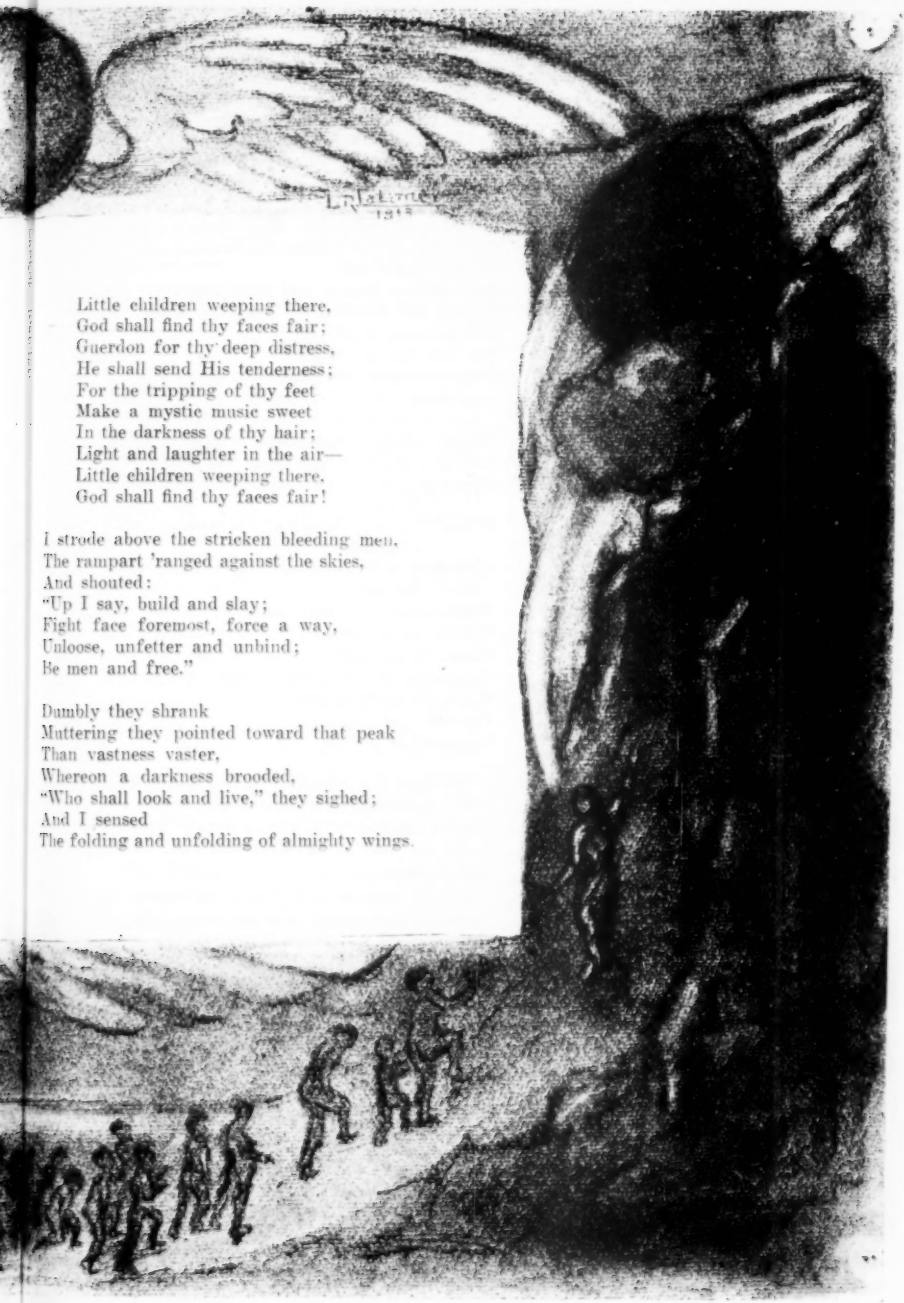
It was as angel music
From the dead,
And ever, as they sang,
The winged Thing of wings, filling all Heaven,
Folding and unfolding, and folding yet again,
Tore out their blood and entrails
'Til I screamed in utter terror
And a silence came:
A silence and the wailing of a babe.



Then at last I saw and shamed;
I knew how these dumb dark and dusky
things
Had given blood and life
To fend the caves of underground
The great black caves of utter night
Where earth lay full of mothers
And their babes.

Little children sobbing in darkness,
Little children crying in silent pain,
Little mothers rocking and groping and
struggling,
Digging and delving and groveling
Amid the dying-dead and dead-in-life,
And drip and dripping of warm, wet blood
Far, far beneath the wings,
The folding and unfolding of almighty
wings.

I bent with tears and pitying hands
Above these dusky star-eyed children,
Crinkly haired, with sweet-sad baby voices
Pleading low for light and love and living—
And I crooned:



Little children weeping there,
God shall find thy faces fair;
Guerdon for thy deep distress,
He shall send His tenderness;
For the tripping of thy feet
Make a mystic music sweet
In the darkness of thy hair;
Light and laughter in the air—
Little children weeping there,
God shall find thy faces fair!

I strode above the stricken bleeding men,
The rampart 'ranged against the skies,
And shouted:
"Up I say, build and slay;
Fight face foremost, force a way,
Unloose, unfetter and unbind;
Be men and free."

Dumbly they shrank
Muttering they pointed toward that peak
Than vastness vaster,
Whereon a darkness brooded,
"Who shall look and live," they sighed;
And I sensed
The folding and unfolding of almighty wings.

Yet did we build of iron, bricks and blood;
We built a day, a year, a thousand years.
Blood was the mortar, blood and tears
And, ah, the Thing, the Thing of wings,
The wingèd folding wing of Things,
Did furnish much mad mortar
For that tower.

Slow and ever slower rose the towering task
And with it rose the sun.
Until at last on one wild day,
Wind-whirled, cloud-swept and terrible,
I stood beneath the burning shadow
Of the peak.
Beneath the whirring of almighty wings
While downward from my feet
Streamed the long line of dusky faces
And the wail of little children sobbing under Earth.

"Freedom!" I cried.
"Freedom!" cried Heaven, Earth and Stars,
And a Voice near-far
Amid the folding and unfolding of Almighty wings
Answered "I am Freedom—
Who sees my face is free—
He and his."

I dared not look;
Downward I glanced on deep bowed heads and closèd eyes,
Outward I gazed on flecked and flaming blue—
But ever onward, upward flew
The sobbing of small voices;
Down, down, far down into the night.

Slowly I lifted livid limbs aloft;
Upward I strove: The Face, the Face;
Onward I reeled: The Face, the Face!
To Beauty wonderful as sudden death
Or horror horrible as endless life—
Up! Up! the blood-built way
(Shadow grow vaster!
Terror come faster!)
Up! Up to the blazing blackness
Of one veilèd face
And endless folding and unfolding,
Rolling and unrolling of Almighty wings:
The last step stood!
The last dim cry of pain
Fluttered across the stars—
And then—

Wings, wings, triumphant wings,
Lifting and lowering, waxing and waning,
Swinging and swaying, twirling and whirling,
Whispering and screaming, streaming and gleaming,
Spreading and sweeping and shading and flaming—
Wings, wings, eternal wings,
'Til the hot red blood
Flood fleeing flood,
Thundered thro' Heaven and mine ears
While all across a purple sky
The last vast pinion
Trembled to unfold.

I rose upon the Mountain of the Moon;
I felt the blazing glory of the Sun.
I heard the Song of Children crying "Free!"
I saw the Face of Freedom—
And I died.

EASTER.

LIFT up your heads, O ye gates and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is the King of glory? The Friend strong and faithful; the Friend faithful in little.

The Friend that seeks neither place nor pay; the Friend that does not boast nor blame, but sits beside us patiently; the Friend who in our weakness knows, and in our travail understands; the Friend to whom we need not say our suffering, for he has suffered even as we and with his stripes we are healed.

The Friend who looks into our tired eyes and laughs cheeringly, who grasps our hand warmly and is silent; who says: "Well done, old man," and "Good work, little sister!"

The Friend who is no impossible god or simpering angel, but human like us, hungry as we are and disappointed; who smokes and drinks with us and walks beneath the stars.

The Friend that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully.

Yes, and the Friend who, looking back through jeweled tears, has gone down the Way of Shadows to the place that is silent and dark.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Faithful Friend—he is the King of glory. Selah!

HAIL COLUMBIA!

HAIL Columbia, Happy Land! Again the glorious traditions of Anglo-Saxon manhood have been upheld! Again the chivalry of American white men has been magnificently vindicated. Down on your knees, black men, and hear the tale with awestruck faces. Learn from the Superior Race. We do not trust our own faltering pen and purblind sight to describe the reception of the suffragists at the capital of the land. We quote from the Southern reporters of the Northern press:

"Five thousand women, marching in the woman-suffrage pageant yesterday, practically fought their way foot by foot up Pennsylvania Avenue, through a surging mass of humanity that completely defied the Washington police, swamped the marchers, and broke their procession into little companies. The women, trudging stoutly along under great difficulties, were able to complete their march only when troops of cavalry from Fort Myer were rushed into Washington to take charge of Pennsylvania Avenue. No inauguration has ever produced such scenes, which in many instances amounted to little less than riots."

"More than 100 persons, young and old, of both sexes, were crushed and trampled in the uncontrollable crowd in Pennsylvania Avenue yesterday, while two ambulances of the Emergency Hospital came and went constantly for six hours, always impeded and at times

actually opposed, so that doctor and driver literally had to fight their way to give succor to the injured."

"Hoodlums, many of them in uniform, leaned forward till their cigarettes almost touched the women's faces while blowing smoke in their eyes, and the police said not a word, not even when every kind of insult was hurled.

"To the white-haired women the men shouted continuously: 'Granny! granny! We came to see chickens, not hens! Go home and sit in the corner!' To the younger women they yelled: 'Say, what you going to do to-night? Can't we make a date?' and the police only smiled. The rowdies jumped on the running boards of the automobiles and snatched the flags from the elderly women, and they attempted to pull the girls from the floats."

Wasn't it glorious? Does it not make you burn with shame to be a mere black man when such mighty deeds are done by the Leaders of Civilization? Does it not make you "ashamed of your race?" Does is not make you "want to be white?"

And do you know (we are almost ashamed to say it) the Negro again lost a brilliant opportunity to rise in his "imitative" way. Ida Husted Harper says:

"We made the closest observation along the entire line and not in one instance did we hear a colored man make a remark, although there were thousands of them."

Another white woman writes:

"I wish to speak a word in favor of the colored people during the suffrage parade. Not one of them was boisterous or rude as with great difficulty we passed along the unprotected avenue. The difference between them and those insolent, bold white men was remarkable. They were quiet and respectable and earnest, and seemed sorry for the indignities which were incessantly heaped upon us. There were few policemen to protect us as we made our first parade in Washington, and the dignified silence of the colored people and the sympathy in their faces was a great contrast to those who should have known better. I thank them in the name of all the women for their kindness."

Now look at that! Good Lord! has the Negro *no* sense? Can he grasp no opportunity?

But let him not think to gain by any such tactics. The South sees his game and is busy promoting bills to prevent his marrying any wild-eyed suffragette who may be attracted by his pusillanimous decency. Already the Ohio legislature has been flooded by forged petitions from a "Negro advancement society of New York" to push the intermarriage bill!

No, sir! White men are on the firing line, and if they don't want white women for wives they will at least keep them for prostitutes. Beat them back, keep them down; flatter them, call them "visions of loveliness" and tell them that the place for woman is in the home, even if she hasn't got a home. If she is homely or poor or made the mistake of being born with brains, and begins to protest at the doll's house or the bawdy house, kick her and beat her and insult her until in terror she slinks back to her kennel or walks the midnight streets. Don't give in; don't give her power; don't give her a vote whatever you do. Keep the price of women down; make them weak and cheap.

Shall the time ever dawn in this Land of the Brave when a free white American citizen may not buy as many women as his purse permits? Perish the thought and Hail Columbia, Happy Land!

THE HURT HOUND.

THE editor has received this news note from a colored friend:

"January 22—Revs. G. H. Burks and P. A. Nichols, returning from Louisville to Paducah, Ky., over the

I. C. Railroad, on being detained from 5 p. m. to 2 a. m., by reason of a freight wreck, were ushered into the dining car and given supper without one single word of comment or protest from the whites, who were eating at the same time."

The editor read this and read it yet again. At first he thought it was a banquet given to black men by white; then he thought it charity to the hungry poor; then—then it dawned on his darkened soul: Two decently dressed, educated colored men had been allowed to pay for their unobstrusive meal in a Pullman dining car "WITHOUT ONE SINGLE WORD OF COMMENT OR PROTEST!" No one had cursed them; none had thrown plates at them; they were not lynched! And in humble ecstacy at being treated for once like ordinary human beings they rushed from the car and sent a letter a thousand miles to say to the world: "My God! Look! See!"

What more eloquent comment could be made on the white South? What more stinging indictment could be voiced? What must be the daily and hourly treatment of black men in Paducah, Ky., to bring this burst of applause at the sheerest and most negative decency?

Yet every black man in America has known that same elation—North and South and West. We have all of us felt the sudden relief—the half-mad delight when contrary to fixed expectation we were treated as men and not dogs; and then, in the next breath, we hated ourselves for elation over that which was but due any human being.

This is the real tragedy of the Negro in America: the inner degradation, the hurt hound feeling; the sort of upturning of all values which leads some black men to "rejoice" because "only" sixty-four Negroes were lynched in the year of our Lord 1912.

Conceive, O poet, a ghastlier tragedy than such a state of mind!

THE "JIM CROW" ARGUMENT.

THE chairman of the committee in the Missouri legislature which is engineering the "Jim Crow" car bill has evolved this unanswerable syllogism:

1. Negroes should not object to being separated on the trains by "just a small railing."

2. If they do object it shows that they are averse to associating with themselves.

3. If they insist on associating with whites, it shows that they want "social equality!"

The argument of our learned and astute solon not only proves his case, but it proves so much in addition as to destroy his argument.

If poor people object to being separated from rich people, does it prove a wild desire for the society of Mrs. Ponsonby de Thompkyns or simply righteous indignation at having manhood measured by wealth?

If Jews object to the Ghetto and the pale, does it prove them ashamed of themselves or afraid of those oppressors who find oppression easier when the victims are segregated and helpless?

The modern fight for human freedom is the fight of the individual man to be judged on his own merits and not saddled with the sins of a class for which he is not responsible. The favorite device of the devil, ancient and modern, is to force a human being into a more or less artificial class, accuse the class of unnamed and unnamable sin, and then damn any individual in the alleged class, however innocent he may be.

This is the medieval tryanny which the South has revived in "Jim Crow" legislation and which Missouri is striving for. The South fulminates against dirt, crime and bad manners and then herds in the "Jim Crow" car the clean and unclean and the innocent and guilty and

the decent and indecent. Separation is impossible in a democracy. It means segregation, subordination and tyranny.

Social equality? Of course we want social equality. Social equality is the right to demand the treatment of men from your fellow man. To ask less is to acknowledge your own lack of manhood.

RESOLUTIONS AT COOPER UNION ON LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

THE National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was first called into being on the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. It conceives its mission to be the completion of the work which the great emancipator began. It proposes to make a group of 10,000,000 Americans free from the lingering shackles of past slavery—physically free from peonage, mentally free from ignorance, politically free from disfranchisement and socially free from studied insult.

We have refused for a moment to contemplate a great democracy like this, with all its wealth and power and aspiration, turning back in the onward furrow when once it set its hand to the plow.

Great as are the forces of reaction and race and class hatred at all times, and bitter as is the concerted and organized effort to increase color prejudice in this land and beat back the struggling sons of the freedmen, we are still confident that the inherent justice and sense of fair play in the American people both North and South is never going to permit the past crime of slavery to be increased by future caste regulations leading straight to oligarchy and spiritual death.

But we know that if this crime of crimes is not to be perpetuated this nation must immediately take its feet from the paths wherein they are now set. The horror of 2,600 prisoners murdered without trial in twenty-seven years, the tens of thousands of unaccused black folk who have in three years been done to death and worse than death, the widespread use of crime and alleged crime as a source of public revenue, the defenseless position of colored women now threatened again in six legislatures, the total disfranchisement of three-fourths of black voters, the new and insidious attack on property rights, the widespread, persistent and growing discrimination in the simplest and clearest matters of public decency and accommodation—all these things indicate not simply the suffering of a mocked people, but greater than that, they show the impotence and failure of American democracy.

If it be not possible in the twentieth century of the Prince of Peace, in the heyday of European culture and world revival of brotherhood for a cultured people, to extend justice, freedom and equality to men whom they have cruelly wronged, but who, despite that, have done their hard work, fought their battles, saved their Union, upheld their democratic ideals, and showed themselves capable of modern culture—if it be not possible for America to yield these men what they have justly earned and deserve, then America herself is impossible and the vast dreams of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln are vain.

But it is not so. We can be just, we can be law abiding, we can be decent. All we need to know and realize is the truth about this awful failure to live up to our ideals; and so on this anniversary of the great man who began the emancipation of the Negro race in America and the emancipation of America itself we, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, again appeal to the nation to accept the clear and simple settlement of the Negro problem, which consists in treating all men, black and white, as you would have them treat you.

THE MAN WHO WON—(A Story)

By HARRY H. PACE

I.

THE keeper of the livery stable at Golden, S. C., was seriously puzzled. He stood in front of the stable door, his brow contracted in thought, gazing at a top buggy fast receding in the distance. Ever and anon he emitted an interjection characteristic of the section and cast a curious look at the pieces of silver in his hand.

The midday express from Washington had left a solitary passenger, in itself an unusual occurrence. The stranger, fair of face, well dressed and of commanding appearance, had come to his place and requested a buggy to take him out into the country.

"Goin' to Edgefield's, ain't you?" said the liveryman genially.

"No. I'm going to Andy Wyatt's," responded the young man, whose name was Russell Stanley.

"Goin' to come right back?" came the second question curiously.

"I'm going to stay," was the positive reply.

Consequently the keeper was puzzled. Wyatt was a Negro, one of the biggest cotton planters in the State, owned ten square miles of land and had an army of tenants, croppers and workmen surrounding him. He was openly admired and respected by the blacks of the entire district, and secretly envied and feared by a large portion of the whites. But he kept a cool head, raised more cotton than anybody else, had the finest stock, paid his bills promptly, and his credit was gilt edged. His nearest neighbor and keenest rival was Col. James Edgefield, the Democratic boss of the State and Congressman from the fifteenth district. Edgefield's hospitality was well known; so was the beauty of his daughter and only child, Elsie. It was a common thing for young men to drop off at Golden and run out to Edgefield's place for a day or two. One young man had stayed two whole weeks. But what any white man was doing driving off to Andy Wyatt's to stay was what puzzled the liveryman.

Nevertheless, the buggy and the driver, with its passenger, were soon out on the dusty road that led to Wyatt's farm. The liveryman had made a careful inspection of Stanley to see if he might not be mistaking, as he said, "a Nigger for a white man." But the features, the pale skin and brown half-curling hair, together with the general air of culture and refinement unknown to any Negro he had ever seen, confirmed him in his first opinion.

To the driver, on the way out, Russell made no effort to conceal the fact of his connection with the black race, despite his appearance. He was an entire stranger to the South, its people and its ways, though he was born on the very farm to which he was now driving. He knew in a general way of the prejudices and restrictions of this section. He had never been entirely free from them in New York. He remembered well how it came to him one day in the street not far from the glitter and glare of Broadway. One of his playmates called him a "Nigger" and said something about his "Nigger" mother. He whipped him mercilessly and then went home crying to her to find out what the boy meant. Little by little there came to him, with his advancing years, the meaning of it all, the situation of his race, and more particularly his own peculiar condition. He watched the line across his mother's brow grow deeper day by day and sorrowed with her in the life once so full of hope that had been swallowed up in the shame of his birth. He almost hated his own existence that had brought to her such sorrow and distress. To him she was always good, pure and noble. His father he did not know; only one thing he knew—that his father was white.

Year after year, as soon as he was old enough, the lad had struggled along in the bustle of New York to support his mother and educate himself. And when he sat beside her bed and saw her life come peacefully to a close far away from home and kindred and friends, alone, forgotten and almost despised, his heart beat furiously and he lifted his eyes and prayed for revenge on the one who had caused it all.

Thus it came about that he was on his way to Andy Wyatt's farm. For Andy was his mother's brother, and it was from here she had fled long ago. He was to be Andy's bookkeeper and general assistant. The cares of his estate were getting too heavy for the farmer, despite his robust health and vitality. He wanted to train up a younger man to take up the burden when he should die, lest his wife and daughter be robbed by the unscrupulous of the fruits of his life's toil. Consequently, when Russell's letter of inquiry came unexpectedly to him one day, Andy asked the boy by return mail to come and live with him.

The buggy turned from the dusty road into a sheltered driveway and into the yard of Wyatt's home. It was a two-story frame building, typical of the old South. Around the doorway of the quaint old-fashioned porch twined honeysuckle and wild roses. Andy's wife, Clara, came out to meet him in her plain farmer's white clothes. His appearance surprised her. She had expected to see a very fair young man. But he was white, so white she was afraid she was mistaken. Added to his natural complexion was the pallor of the city dweller and the indoor life. He kissed her in the simple Southern fashion, and she led the way into the front room which she had opened and aired for this occasion. Andy came in at the close of the day and the welcome was complete. Sitting that night before a wholesome country meal, Russell surveyed his new surroundings. He could see that these people were lovable, true and good, and he rejoiced that he was there. The household was small; the little girl, Ruby, 10 years of age, was the only other member.

Russell went to work daily with the men and worked along beside them. Though his bones ached night after night and he went wearily to bed, yet he perceived a quickening of strength, a healthier color in his face and a glow of vigor which he had never before known. He worked hard to please his uncle and his efforts won him not only esteem, but brought from the hearts of those two lovable people all that pent-up affection they had hoped to lavish on their own lost son.

A short way from the big house were the houses of tenants and immediate employees, and scattered here and there over these ten square miles were other tenant houses, barns and stables. A large ginhouse, around which were stored hundreds of bales of cotton, was down near the creek. The commissary at the back of Wyatt's house from which the whole section was fed completed the establishment. And a happy establishment it was. He had often heard of the songs of the Negroes on the farm. Coming home late in the evenings, as the sun died away to rest and all was clear and still, the men used to burst out into singing which floated off into the distance until the sweetness was absorbed by the trees and the flowers. He found himself joining in and singing with them. He had never seen such happy, care-free people. They were not troubled by any race problem, any bugaboo of social or political equality. They worked and earned their bread as God intended, lived in this out-of-doors all day and slept soundly at night and were happy. Ah! what he had missed away from this life so long. And now he was into it he meant to stay and live, forever and always, simple and honest as they.

Some nights when he came home less fatigued in body and mind he would go into the front room of Andy's simple home and open the quaint old square piano that had lost none of its harmony, and accompany himself in some plaintive far-away song of the heart. His voice was a clear, sweet tenor and he had studied some at spare moments in New York. Sometimes, when he found himself drifting off into some sorrow song, little Ruby would come in quietly and lay her little head against him. "Don't play that way," she would say. "Do you think nobody loves you? Me and mama and papa all love you."

"He is our boy now," Clara said as she laid her hand on her husband's shoulder one night; "we must be mother and father to him."

"And such a boy!" responded Andy, his eyes glistening with pride. "Ah! he would make my old daddy feel good toward him, though he died heartbroken by his birth." He wiped away a tear, for the remembrance brought him sorrow.

"He worked in the bottom to-day almost knee deep in the mud and water. Jones told me how all the men had fallen in love with him. It's the same everywhere; there isn't a man who wouldn't almost die for his mere approval. I think he's working too hard. To-morrow I'm going to send him off to Carter's for a change."

Next day, in the dim gray light of morning, Russell set out to Carter's, ten miles away, on an errand of minor importance. He spent the middle of the day there and made an early start so as to be home in time to check off the incoming squad and to get the work planned for the morrow.

The ride had done him good and he felt at peace with the whole world. His errand quickly accomplished, and finding that he had plenty of time before him, he had let his pony drop into a walk and with his feet thrown carelessly on one side of the saddle he rode along singing. The woods caught up the echoes and sent his song back in grotesque snatches that made him laugh.

"How merry goes the day when the heart is young," he sang joyously, and rounding a corner of the woods he came upon another rider, a girl, fair of face and pretty, motionless in the road upon her horse and listening intently to his song. At sight of her he hesitated, then settling into his saddle prepared to strike up a faster gait and go on. But she stopped him.

"I heard you singing," she said in a soft, mellow voice, "and liked it; please don't stop; I want you to sing some more for me. I'm going your way, too," she added frankly.

Her simplicity and directness confused him. He scarcely knew how to reply, for instinctively he recognized her for whom she was: Colonel Edgefield's daughter Elsie. He had not seen either of these personages since his arrival here, though once in New York he had heard Edgefield speak to a large crowd in Cooper Union about the inherent inferiority of the Negro.

He tried to stammer out some reply to her words, but before he could do so something happened that made it unnecessary. Her pony, which had grown restless standing so long, seeing a rabbit cross the road, shied and jumped out of the roadway. He landed in a brush heap whose crackling twigs frightened him. Instantly he bounded down the road at full speed, the girl taken unawares, clinging desperately to the pommel of the saddle, the reins beyond her grasp.

It had happened so quickly that Russell did not take in the situation until horse and rider were started and making wildly for the steep rocky slope beyond the bend. But his own horse had felt the spirit of the chase and needed only the quick command, "Go, Benny, catch her!" Like a flash he sped after her and the woods echoed the clatter of horses' hoofs on the rugged road. Benny was young and just broken to the saddle and he could run. He was gaining on the girl every minute. But in the few seconds before Stanley took up the chase the girl's horse had covered several yards. Only a short distance away lay a rocky and treacherous slope, and if her horse took it at its present pace grim disaster would follow. No horse could hold its footing on that slope at even half such speed.

"Go, Benny! Go, boy, catch her!" he cried again into Benny's ears. One moment more and he dashed swiftly past her, grabbing the loosened reins as he went. It was the work of a few seconds then to stop both horses, dismount and lift her gently to the ground. She was nearly exhausted, but bore up bravely, refusing to faint, and shortly afterward was ready to resume her journey.

"How can I thank you?" she said simply.

"You should not ride so far alone and on such an animal," was his practical reply.

"Belle is usually good and gentle. I don't know what possessed her to-day. But I want my father to see you and thank you. I'm sure he would be happy to do so."

They had ridden quickly and were almost at the road that led off to Edgefield's home. "I live in that big house yonder," she said, pointing to a large white house half concealed behind a row of cedars leading up to the front door. "Won't you come up there now and let me introduce you to my father? His name is Colonel Edgefield, and I'm his daughter Elsie. But," she said hesitatingly, "I don't know your name yet."

"My name is Russell Stanley," he said slowly and firmly as he realized the crisis before him. "I live with my uncle, Andy Wyatt, across the way yonder. I cannot go with you because I'm a Negro and your father wouldn't like it."

She opened her eyes wide in astonishment and surprise, and looked at him strangely. "Why didn't you tell me this at first?" she demanded coldly.

"You didn't give me a chance," he answered. "And then it ought not be necessary for me to tell it. I once heard your father say that there could be no mistaking Negro blood."

"That's quite true," she added, recovering her composure and becoming transformed in the minute. "My father was right. He hates Niggers and so do I." And touching the whip to her horse she was soon out of sight.

(*To be concluded in the May* CRISIS)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE

ENDORSEMENT.

AT the interdenominational preachers' meeting of New York and vicinity, held on February 10, which was addressed by Dr. M. C. B. Mason, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

First: That we endorse the work and usefulness of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Second: That we open our churches to Dr. Mason and the other representatives of this organization and pledge our moral and financial co-operation in the promotion of its cause.

SUFFRAGE PARADERS.

MRS. CARRIE W. CLIFFORD, of the Washington branch, makes the following report upon the representation of colored women in the woman-suffrage parade:

"The first parade of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, held in the capital, is now a matter of history. The colored women were represented as follows:

"Artist, one—Mrs. May Howard Jackson; college women, six—Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, Mrs. Daniel Murray, Miss Georgia Simpson, Miss Charlotte Steward, Miss Harriet Shadd, Miss Bertha McNiel; teacher, one—Miss Caddie Park; musician, one—Mrs. Harriett G. Marshall; professional women, two—Dr. Amanda V. Gray, Dr. Eva Ross. Illinois delegation—Mrs. Ida Wells Barnett; Michigan—Mrs. McCoy, of Detroit, who carried the banner; Howard University—group of twenty-five girls in caps and gowns; home makers—Mrs. Duffield, who carried New York banner, Mrs. M. D. Butler, Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford."

One trained nurse, whose name could not be ascertained, marched, and an old mammy was brought down by the Delaware delegation. The women all report most courteous treatment on the part of the marshals of the parade, and no worse treatment from bystanders than was accorded white women. In spite of the apparent reluctance of the local suffrage committee to encourage the colored women to participate, and in spite of the conflicting rumors that were circulated and which disheartened many of the colored women from taking part, they are to be congratulated that so many of them had the courage of their convictions and that they made such an admirable showing in the first great national parade.

CONFERENCE.

THIS number of THE CRISIS goes to press too early to include anything but a preliminary notice of the coming conference. Dates for the annual conference have been set for April 23, 24 and 25, in Philadelphia. The conference will devote itself largely to the consideration of work, wages and property as affecting the colored people. There will be six sessions, beginning Wednesday evening, April 23. One session, set for the morning of Friday, April 25, will be an executive session and largely devoted to the work of branches.

INTERMARRIAGE.

THE association has opposed anti-intermarriage legislation in the following States: District of Columbia, Illinois, Wisconsin, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Kansas, California and Iowa. The bills in Wisconsin

and in Kansas have been defeated largely through the efforts of the local branches. Assurances have been received that it is highly improbable the bills will pass in the District of Columbia and in New York State. The Chicago branch reports that they are organizing for vigorous work against the Illinois bill. In Ohio but one vote is needed to defeat the measure, and Dr. Mason is to appear in person before the legislative committee which has it in charge. A letter from a friend in Cleveland says that members of the Ohio legislature advise him that the legislature has been flooded with letters from some "National Negro Association" with headquarters in New York urging the passage of the anti-intermarriage bill and saying that the colored people desire it.

BALTIMORE.

THE Baltimore branch has been holding a series of meetings in the various churches for the purpose of setting forth the aims of the National Association and its work. Among the speakers have been Rev. G. R. Waller, Dr. A. O. Reid, Dr. F. N. Cardoza, Mr. W. Ashbie Hawkins, Mr. George Murphy and Mr. G. D. MacDaniels.

The annual meeting has been announced for April 1, with Dr. Du Bois, Professor Spingarn and Dr. Mason as speakers.

At the meeting of the school board on February 26 Commissioner Biggs introduced a resolution calling upon the board of superintendents to make an examination of the curriculum of the colored high school with a view to the ultimate exclusion of languages, biology, physics, chemistry, etc., and the substitution of a course of study in which the industrial branches alone are to be found. In Mr. Biggs' opinion, the subjects he suggests eliminating are luxuries when incorporated in the curriculum of a Negro high school, and in support of his position he quoted Mr. Booker T. Washington.

The Baltimore branch is prepared to address an open letter to the school board condemning the Biggs resolution.

Mr. Samuel T. West, the author of the West segregation bill, is preparing to introduce into the city council a bill providing for "Jim Crow" street cars.

CHICAGO.

A COMMITTEE on membership has been formed to start a vigorous campaign for new members. A legislative committee has been appointed to oppose the bills introduced into the legislature discriminating against colored people. Mr. S. Laing Williams has been elected vice-president in the place of Mr. Aldis, who is out of the country. Mr. Packard and Miss Tibbs have been elected directors in the places of Mrs. Wooley and Mr. Paris, who could not serve.

DETROIT.

THE branch is planning for a large meeting to be held early in April with Dr. Mason as speaker. Resolutions endorsing woman's suffrage were adopted by the branch and forwarded to the Michigan Equal Suffrage Association. The anti-intermarriage bill under consideration by the legislature was defeated largely through the efforts of the branch.

INDIANAPOLIS.

THE Indianapolis branch reports meetings at Allen Chapel on February 12 and on February 21, at the home of Mrs. Clay, which was addressed by Mrs. O. B. Jameson, a prominent clubwoman of Indianapolis. The subject of the address was "Woman Suffrage." The branch has succeeded in interesting several influential white friends in the matter of local discrimination against the colored people.

NEW YORK.

THE New York branch has reorganized its vigilance committee as follows: New headquarters have been opened in room 111, 203 Broadway, and these headquarters will be in charge of Mr. Gilchrist Stewart, who is now serving as the executive secretary of the committee. The president of the branch, Dr. Spingarn, is chairman of the vigilance committee, and Dr. Elliott continues as vice-chairman. The legal advisory board includes the six lawyers already on the list and Mr. Arthur B. Spingarn.

THE BLACK HALF

By JACOB RIIS

A LITTLE while back I arrived in an Arkansas town and addressed a large audience. I told them several stories of the emigrants who come to this country, among which was the story of the Irishman who went to Wall Street in the time of the panic. On this day, when we were all scared stiff, when the newspapers were filled with stories about the panic, this Irishman walked down into Wall Street with a bundle done up in a yellow bandanna. There was something about the man which compelled attention. He entered one of the offices and opened up the bandanna. Inside of the bundle was a long stocking from which he pulled all sorts of scraps of money—25-cent pieces, 10-cent pieces, and even a little gold. When he had it all out it made quite a little heap. He said: "Mother and me saved this money in the forty-one years we have been in this country against the time I could not work any more. Last night, sitting by the stove, mother read to me that the country was in great trouble and needed money, and so I brought this here." This man, a foreigner, who had himself chosen to be an American, one not to the manor born, one who had chosen freedom for himself, was ready to cast into the Treasury at Washington every cent he had.

My audience was greatly moved by this story, which was perfectly natural, and I was greatly pleased. I had come quite close to them. I liked them and they liked me.

I was leaving the town on the midnight train, and when I reached the station a man was there waiting for me, who had come to see the town and was leaving at the same time. This man drew for me a picture of social conditions in that town, of the social relationship between the whites and the blacks, that beat anything I ever heard of or dreamed of in all my days. He told me that the blacks there were deliberately forced into ignorance and dependency by social machinery. I said to him that I hoped that this was simply a resurgence of the spirit of the war and that the new generation would have a different story to tell. He replied: "I wish I could think as you do, but I have been here forty years and it is worse to-day than it was when I came."

After this I simply could not sleep. I thought how strange it was that these people who were so moved by the Irishman's story had forgotten absolutely the affection that they had received in such full measure all these years from these black-skinned brethren, from whom they had no right to expect it. I wondered if they had forgotten the songs that lulled them to sleep, the devotion of the colored mammy, the care and tenderness that watched over the step of the growing child. I wondered how all of this could have passed out of their minds when they were so ready to be stirred by the Irishman's story. I was so worked up that night that I not only did not sleep, but when I arrived in New Orleans I got into the black end of one of the "Jim Crow" cars. No sooner was I seated than the conductor came to me and asked me to go into the other part of the car. I told him I preferred to remain where I was, but he insisted that I move, saying it was against the law for me to ride in the colored portion of the car.

That thing kept on working on me, and when I was visiting a friend that evening I gave expression to my indignation and this was the only answer I received: "Well, you don't understand." No, I don't understand. I didn't then and I don't now. They have their problems. I don't understand them because I don't live there. But I do live in the North, and how about us in the North?

When we face our Lord and think of the problem we have here in the North, we must be ashamed when we put the question to ourselves whether He makes any difference between the blacks and the whites. What is the cause of this prejudice? Is it because the colored race is a criminal race, a vicious race?

For twenty-five years I was a reporter in police headquarters. I saw crime in all its forms. That was my business. For almost

a whole lifetime I had to do with crime and only crime. In those days the colored population of New York was in what was known as "Old Africa," on Thompson Street. This section certainly had its share of criminality, and ought by right to have been all crime if there is any truth in the saying that the slums naturally breed vice and crime. This was a district where the tenement houses were the nastiest ever—not even fit for pigs to live in. The landlord made no repairs, but took all he could get out of the houses, allowing them to stand and rot. But "Old Africa" was just the reverse of what it should have been. All the black crime with which I had to deal during these twenty-five years did not leave a single black mark on my memory.

Since then the population has scattered. Wherever these colored people have gone they have been good tenants, extra clean and always prompt to pay. Any landlord will make no bones of telling you about it. They ought to be favored some as tenants and they are. It reminds me of a conversation I had with a man whom I met on the train the other day. I was speaking of the large colored population in New Jersey. He said: "They are good people, but they haven't any chance. They are not tolerated in any trade. They pay the highest rents." That is precisely what the landlord all over is doing. He gives them a good name, says they are prompt in their payments and sticks $2 extra a month on the rent. He acknowledges that he does this and gives as his reason: "Once a colored house, always a colored house." The landlord deliberately exploits the prejudice against the black man to make it pan out a profit for him.

I am here reminded of one of my early experiences with the color problem. I came from Denmark. Here there is no color problem. The colored people coming from the West Indies to Denmark are regarded as curiosities, and crowds of children will follow a colored person up and down the streets.

What is more charming than a colored baby? The first time I came across one was right here in New York City. It was in a nursery where mothers used to take their children to be cared for. There were two colored babies here among all the whites in the nursery. They were fine babies and at the age when they are always crying. But these little colored babies cried so much that the doctors thought something must be the matter and tried to find out what it was. It turned out that there was in the nursery a vicious nurse who had all the prejudice of many of her kind concentrated in her. She made a practice of pinching the little colored babies. Had she wanted to, she would not dare to pinch the white babies because it would show on their flesh, but because the skin of the little black babies was dark she felt that she was safe. This was many years ago, but it left its mark on my soul.

It does not seem to occur to us that as a man soweth so shall he reap. Our misdeeds will all be visited upon our children and our children's children. These black people did not seek to come here. We brought them here by force. Every day there are more of them, and they are our neighbors. Sometimes I think that a nation's fitness to live will certainly be judged by its treatment of its dependents. Suppose we were to be judged in the eternal scales by our treatment of the Negro and the Indian—that is, the civic end of it. As Christians we must believe that a man's measure is taken by his capacity for service.

Now, as I am concluding these remarks, let me just add this with regard to work in our settlements. We often hear of ingratitude on the part of those whom we are trying to help in the white settlements, but I have yet to hear of the first instance of this on the part of the black man. Never have I heard it, and I never will, and you never will. The only report that comes back to us is that of loyalty, affection and gratitude. These black people never utter one word of reproach. They are willing to let bygones be bygones and say: "Just give us your hand and let us all be brothers." Shall we withhold that hand?

THE NEGRO AND THE TRUST.

THE enterprising colored community at Kowaliga, Ala., is threatened by the water-power trust. Kowaliga was founded forty years ago by John Benson, an ex-slave, and has been recently extended and developed along modern lines by his son, William E. Benson. Not only has Mr. Benson succeeded in concentrating here an investment in lands and industrial plant representing over $200,000, but he had actually begun the construction of twenty-eight miles of railway from the nearest connecting line through the heart of this settlement in order to transport and market valuable timber, until they were held up pending condemnation proceedings by the Interstate Power Company. This is an English company with millions back of it. It bought out extraordinary rights under a bill slipped through the Alabama legislature ten years ago, and is now proceeding to condemn 60,000 acres of farm land, including Kowaliga. The Montgomery *Advertiser* is helping the steal by headlines like this:

"THE POWER COMPANY, THE NEGRO AND THE RAILROAD!"

Thus the Negro problem having served to put the South into political slavery is now being used to fasten the chains of a trust which, as a Congressman recently said, will make other trusts seem "as mere benevolent societies organized for the dissemination of Christian charity."

The Kowaliga community has taken the matter to court.

FROM A WHITE LABORER.

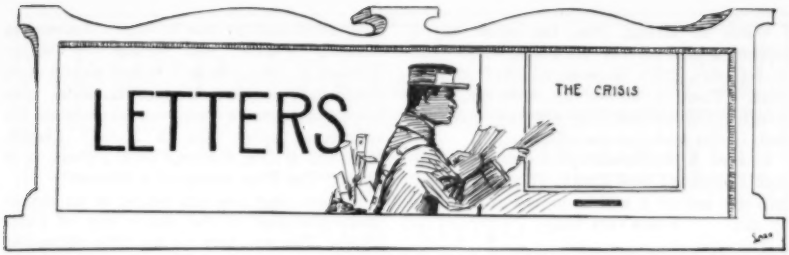
"I THINK Alabama has the worst labor laws of any in the States. A man can be sent to jail for hiring a worker away from another man. A striking workman, under the law, has no rights; no need for the employer to get out an injunction in the same troublous manner as the Northern employer has to do; the necessary law is on the statute books now which will send the obstreperous worker to the coal mines for speaking to a scab or picketing or loitering around the master's property.

"Out-of-works are picked up as vagrants by deputy sheriffs for the fees there are in them, and then railroaded to the coal mines or lumber camps for so much a head, where they are worked like slaves. In Clarke County, Ala., it is a common thing for planters to send out agents provocateurs, so it is stated, who get stout, husky-looking 'Niggers' into crap games, card games, or sell them a pistol cheap, or get them to bootleg whiskey; then report them to the sheriff, who promptly arrests them and a ready judge fines them heavily.

"Then the needy planter offers to pay their fine for them if they will make a court contract to work it out with him at from $5 to $10 a month. Of course, the poor devils are eager to get out of a jail where they are half starved by those who have the contract at so much per diem to feed them, and they agree.

"The planter then has what are practically, to all intents and purposes, slaves, more securely held than before the war because he does not even have to catch them if they run away. The sheriff does that at so much per head, paid by the county, and if the man or the men die, then the planter ceases his monthly payments on the fine to the county. Could anything be more diabolical?

"I could fill pages with perfectly true stories of convicts on the farms and in the mines and forests of Alabama which would make any real man's blood boil, but this does not seem to affect the Southerner."—New York *Call*.



FROM WHITE FOLK.

To begin, I am a white woman, and have loved the colored race from infancy. I happened to pick up a copy of THE CRISIS and was truly shocked at its tendency; so far as I can see your book only creates discontent among your people.

If you had the least idea of the harm you are doing you would stop it. Social equality you will never have, but there is chance to improve conditions of a race that can be magnificent without social equality.

(Signed) E. J. H.

Many thanks, my dear CRISIS, for your prophetic monthly. It started our way as a Christmas present a few years ago. The bitterness of so many of my people toward the problem they themselves brought to this country fills me with sadness; but Love is Life—there is no other life. It must win since God is. God, who sees beneath all non-essentials, and the deeper the experience passed through the higher the heights attained. Oh, I sorrow with you, almost I believe as one of you, in the insults my race heaps upon you. But steady, brother mine, nothing can hurt us save our own wrong-doing. There is no death. Covered in darkness for a day, it will be light for you *forever*.

God bless you and keep you on the Heights.

Most gratefully and fraternally,

(Signed) VICTOR LYNCH GREENWOOD.

LINCOLN UNIVERSITY, March 8, 1913.

Please discontinue my subscription to THE CRISIS. GEORGE JOHNSON,

Dean.

FROM COLORED FOLK.

DEAR SIR:

I wish to say to you that there is much truck grown in this section of North Carolina by the colored people, and the white man has been shipping it for us to the whites North, etc. Now we are becoming restless about it somewhat and want to know if there are any colored commission merchants in New York. If so, will you kindly put us in touch with them? If not any there, can't some one come to the front and be one for a few months in the year in order that we may ship at least some of our truck to them. I mean some good man who will deal fair with us and give us a living price for it. There are many, many thousands of crates that are shipped from this point every year, such as peas, beans, cabbage, etc., and many thousands of dollars are made by the commission merchants who handle it, and it seems to me that there ought to be in New York, Philadelphia and Boston at least one colored firm of commission merchants who would or could handle a portion of the Southern colored produce. There is money in it for the right man. We will begin to ship about the 18th or 20th of April, and if, as I have said, you can put me in touch with someone whom you think would like to take up the matter with me, I will be very glad to hear from them.

Thanking you in advance and anxiously waiting to hear from you, I am,

Yours respectfully,

* * *

I have found truth and the bright side of the Negro in THE CRISIS, from the first time of its publication.

J. W. FISHER,
Wallingford, Conn.

CRISIS bearing fruit here; one of most eagerly sought for of our magazines in college library. HARRY H. JONES,

Oberlin, O.

While at Miami, Fla., the other day I noticed a sign in the postoffice which read as follows: "No Negroes Allowed at This Desk." There is another sign, however, which informs Negroes that they may use a certain desk in the lobby of the office.

Is such a discrimination constitutional in such a place of that kind? If you will look into this matter it will be highly appreciated by me. Yours very truly,

* * *

¶ A letter to THE CRISIS says:

"This is only among the few atrocious acts committed by white officers down here: The fourth Sunday morning in November, at Beaumont, East of Hattiesburg (Miss.), at the Kansas City Railroad junction, a marshal killed a young colored man because he made a mistake in entering a white waiting room."

"IT PAYS TO KICK"

DEAR SIR:

It may be of interest to you or to some of your readers to know that the poem quoted in full in THE CRISIS for January and said to be entitled "It Pays to Kick," and to have been attributed by the *Woman's Journal* to *Cotton's Weekly*, was written by Major Holman F. Day, whom I regard as the most gifted and original Yankee humorist now living. It is to be found on page 87 of his volume of verse "Up in Maine" (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, 1904), where it is called "The True Story of a Kicker."

Holman Day was not reared in an atmosphere like that of the classic city of Cambridge. He was born in the little village of Vassalboro, Me., and educated at the "freshwater college," Colby, at Waterville. When the writer first knew him he was the editor of a typical country weekly called the Dexter *Gazette*, and his genial personality made him a universal favorite in that portion of Penobscot County, where at least nine-tenths of the population speak Yankee pure and undefiled.

The little poem quoted by you is by no means one of Day's best, but it partakes somewhat of the general qualities of his work, as above outlined. Some of your readers might be interested in the foregoing estimate.

Yours truly,
(Signed) SAMUEL C. WORTHEN.

TELLING A STORY

To friends who know you, may be easy, but "putting one over" to strangers is quite different.

Telling a busy, business man about your services or your merchandise is still less a "cinch," for he hears the same story every day a dozen or more times.

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Publishers' Chat

THE GROWTH OF "THE CRISIS"

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I hereby certify that I have printed the following numbers of copies of THE CRISIS for the months indicated:

1910—November	**1,000**
1911—March	**6,000**
July	**15,000**
1912—April	**22,000**
December	**24,000**
1913—April	**30,000**

Sworn to before me this 15th day of March, 1913.

FRANK J. DALY,
Commissioner of Deeds, New York City.

ROBERT N. WOOD.

NET CIRCULATION

The net paid circulation of THE CRISIS for March was 23,250 copies. Three days after publication there was not a copy left in the office for sale. THE CRISIS has to-day a circulation *twice* as large as that of any other Negro publication—weekly or monthly.

COMING NUMBERS

The May number will contain the startling climax of H. H. Pace's story, an interesting pictorial study of marriage among colored folk, and other articles and features.

In the near future expect the unpublished letters of Robert Gould Shaw, a study of crime among Negroes, and a few good short stories.

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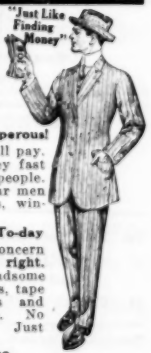

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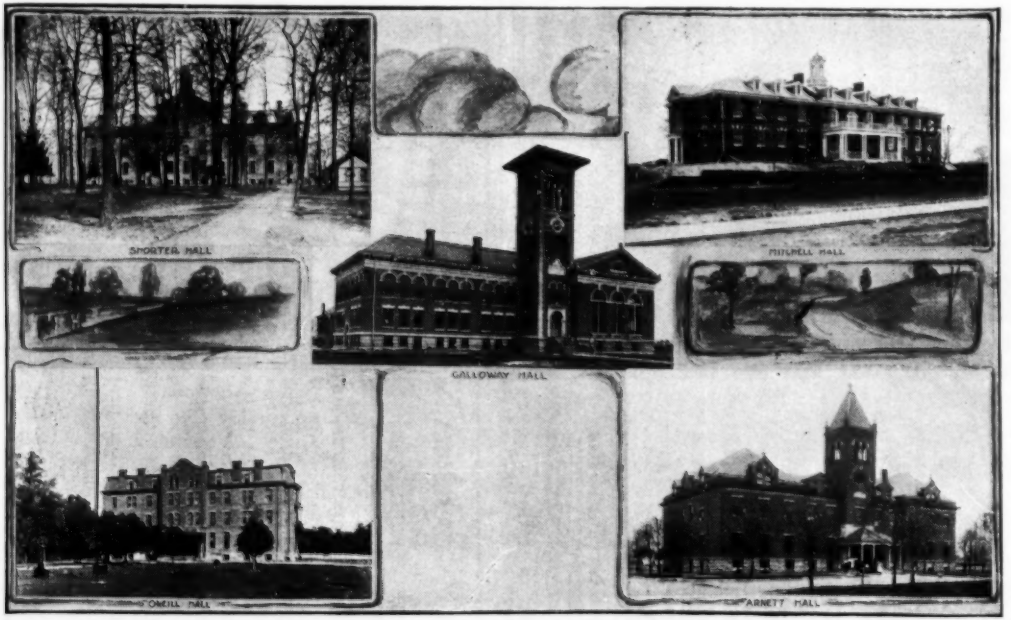

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